

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1871.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY)
CONCERT (3 p.m.) and AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Ellen Horne, Miss Julia Elton, and the Crystal Palace Choir. Reader, Mr. Linn Rayne. Conductor, Mr. Manns. Overture, *In Memoriam (Sullivan)*; Variations from String Quartett in D minor (Schubert); Mendelssohn's music to Racine's "Athalie." Admission half a crown, or by guinea season tickets. Reserved seats, half-a-crown and one shilling, now ready.

ST. PETER, on MARCH 29th, at ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE ORATORIO CONCERTS.—BENEDICT'S "ST. PETER," at St. James's Hall, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29th, at Eight, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patoy, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Raynham, and Mr. Santley. Band and Chorus of 350. Conductor—Mr. Barnby. Stalls, 1s. 6d.; Balcony and Boxes (numbered and reserved), 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Boxes, 2s.; Admission, 1s., at Novello's, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; the principal Musicians, and Austin's, St. James's Hall.

THIS EVENING.

M. R. HATTON'S BALLAD CONCERT at EXETER HALL (THIS EVENING).—Artists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Enriques, and Madame Patoy; Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Vernon Righy, Mr. Chaplin Henry, and Mr. Santley. Pianoforte, Chevalier de Kontski; Violin, M. Bainton. A selection of Mr. Hatton's part-songs will be given by a choir of male voices under the direction of Mr. Fielding. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Hatton. Stalls, 6s.; family tickets for four, 21s.; arca, 3s.; gallery, 2s.; admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Austin, St. James's Hall; Chappell & Co., New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

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His Royal Highness the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

President—The Earl of DUDLEY.

Principal—Professor W. STENDALE BENNETT.

The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on THURSDAY Evening, the 30th inst., commencing at Eight o'clock.

The next PUBLIC REHEARSAL, also open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at the Institution, on TUESDAY Morning, the 4th April, commencing at Two o'clock.

By order,

JOHN GILL, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

MADAME VANZINI will sing at the Festival Choral Concert, Norwich, March 27th, when selections from "MESSIAH," "ELIJAH," and "SAMSON," will be performed.

MR. OSCAR BERINGER,
LATE PROFESSOR OF THE CONSERVATOIRE AT BERLIN,
BEGS to announce his Return to England. For Engagements for Concerts and Lessons, address to
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MISS HOLMES' MATINEE MUSICALE (by kind permission at the Residence of the Viscountess MIDDLETON), THURSDAY, MARCH 30th, 1871. To commence at Three o'clock. 36, Beaumont Street, Portland Place.

WELSH CHORAL UNION, CONCERT HALL, STORE STREET. Conductor—Mr. JOHN THOMAS. SECOND CONCERT, MONDAY Evening, MARCH 27th, at Eight. Vocalists—Miss Megan Watts and Miss Elena Angèle. Pianoforte—Mrs. Henry Davies. Harp—Mr. John Thomas. Accompanist—Mr. W. Henry Thomas. Stalls, 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Lambeth Cock, 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, 48, Cheapside; C. Skinner Cartwright, Honorary Secretary.

MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ST. JOHN'S WOOD (Eyre Arms).—Director, Mr. RIDLEY PRENTICE.—Last Concert, next THURSDAY Evening, March 30th. Misses Holmes, Clement, Hann, Platt, Minson, Ridley Prentice. Mrs. Hale, and Miss Dalmaine. Quartet, Schubert; Sonata Appassionata, Beethoven; Pianoforte Quintet, Schumann. Early vocal music by Carissimi. Tickets, 5s., 2s., 6d., and 1s., at 9, Angel Park Gardens, Brixton, and Music Shops.

FRIDAY NEXT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—EXETER HALL.—Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.—On FRIDAY NEXT, MARCH 31st.—HAYDN'S "SEASONS." Principal Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley. Tickets, 3s., 2s., and stalls, 10s. 6d. each. Now ready, at No. 6, Exeter Hall.

NOTE.—The Annual Passion Week performance of the "MESSIAH," will take place on WEDNESDAY week, April 5th. Tickets now ready.

M. R. ALFRED GILBERT and MADAME GILBERT'S CONCERTS, 9, CONDUIT STREET, MARCH 29th, APRIL 26th, MAY 24th. Artists—Mr. Henry Holmes, Signor Perzo, Mr. Hammond, Mr. Alfred Gilbert; Madame Nadine du Nord, Franklin Murjahn, Madame Osborne Williams, Madame Gilbert, Signor Garcia, Mr. Reilly, Mr. Perren. Series Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Single, 5s., or Mr. Gilbert, 8s, Maida Vale.

MR. VAN PRAAG,

GENERAL CONCERT AGENT, &c.
MR. VAN PRAAG begs respectfully to inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Musical Profession, that he has the honour to forward his annual circular, acquainting them that he still continues to undertake the management of Concerts, Matinées, Solos, and that he also superintends Bands, engages Bands, Choruses, &c.

Mr. VAN PRAAG flatters himself after his many years' experience, and the ample satisfaction he has hitherto given to the Musical Profession and the Public in general, that he may again be favoured with their commands.

All communications addressed to Mr. VAN PRAAG, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., at 244, Regent Street, W., will be immediately attended to. Quadrille Bands, for Large or Small Parties, supplied on the most reasonable terms.

On parle Français. Se habla Español. Si parla Italiano.

Men spreken Hollandsch. Man spricht Deitsch.

M. R. ARTHUR THOMAS will sing "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," by WILFORD MORGAN, at Blackheath, March 23rd.

MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY.

M. R. WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at St. JAMES'S HALL, March 31.

"THE MARINER."

M. R. SANTLEY will sing L. DIEHL's new Song, "THE MARINER," at Mrs. Honey's Concert, March 28.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

M. R. ALFRED GORDON will sing WILFORD MORGAN's popular ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Myddleton Hall, Islington, March 28th.

M. R. CHARLES STANTON (Tenor) is open to Engagements for Concerts, Oratorio, and Operetta.—10, Duke Street, Port and Place, W.

REMOVAL.

MR. FRANK ELMORE begs to announce that he has removed to 30, Colville Square, Notting Hill, W., where all letters respecting engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, and Lessons in Singing must be addressed.

ELOCUTION AND DRAMATIC ART.

MRS. DAUNCEY MASKELL, of the London Academy of Music, prepares Ladies and Gentlemen for the Lyric Stage, also gives lessons in Elocution to Clergymen, Barristers, and Members of Parliament.—78, Camden Road Villas, N.W.

"MARINELLA."

MADAME EMMELINE COLE will sing RANDEGGER'S new Song, "MARINELLA," at the King's Lynn Philharmonic Society's Concert, April 14.

REMOVAL.

MADAME EMMELINE COLE begs to announce that she has removed to 41, Great Portland Street, Oxford Street, W.

TO PIANOFORTE TEACHERS.—Just Issued, New Editions of CZERNY'S ETUDE de la VELOCITE, fingered and edited by W. V. WALLACE, and Notes by HAMILTON. Two books, 6s. each; or in one, 10s. 6d.

CZERNY'S 101 ELEMENTARY STUDIES. Two books, each 4s.; or complete in one, 8s. The valuable additional exercises, &c., by CARL CZERNY and W. V. WALLACE, as also HAMILTON's Explanatory Notes, are to be found in no edition, English or foreign, of the above two celebrated works, except in W. Vincent Wallace's edition, published only by Robert Cocks & Co., which edition orders should specifically name. Each post free, at half-price.—London: ROBERT COCKS & CO., New Burlington Street.

BRIDAL MUSIC.

WEDDING MARCH.

For the Pianoforte. Composed expressly for the occasion of the Marriage of H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE with the MARQUIS OF LORNE,

By W. G. CUSINS.

And performed by Her Majesty's Private Band at Windsor Castle. Sent post free for 24 stamps.

THE KINTYRE MARCH.

For the Pianoforte. Dedicated by Special Permission to H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE,

By INEZ.

Post free for 18 stamps.

BRIDAL SONG.

Chorus, with Solos for Ladies' Voices. Words by CHAS. J. ROWE.

Music by CIRO PINSUTI.

Dedicated by special permission to H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE.

Post free for 24 stamps.

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS,

From MENDELSSOHN'S OPERA, "THE WEDDING OF CAMACHO,"

"Now bring ye forth the Tapers Brightly Burning."

Post free, 6d.

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"PLEIN DE DOUTE,"

SONATA FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

Adagio maestoso, Allegro con brio, Romanza, Intermezzo, Scherzo and Trio, Rondo brillante. Composed and Dedicated by permission to

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD,

By BERNARD FAREBROTHER,

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Now Ready,

"PASTORELLO PIEN D'AMOR,"

MEZZO-SOPRANO SONG.

Sung by Mdlle. BRUSA,

In BENEDICT's Operetta, "UN ANNO ED UN GIORNO," and

rapturously encored.

Price 3s.

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MONDAY NEXT.

MUSICAL COPYRIGHTS OF MESSRS. CRAMER & CO.

MESSRS. PUTTICK & SIMPSON will SELL by AUCTION, at their House, 47, Leicester Square, W.C., on MONDAY, March 27, and several following Days (Sundays excepted), the Entire, Extensive, and Important STOCK of MUSICAL COPYRIGHTS and ENGRAVED PLATES of MESSRS. CRAMER & CO., Publishers, of 201, Regent Street, comprising the well-known and popular Operas of Balfe, Barnett, Benedict, Macfarren, Wallace, and others; the complete series of Classical Works of Beethoven and Mozart, edited by Moscheles and Lindsay Sloper—a large assortment of Modern Popular Songs and Pianoforte Music, by the most eminent writers of the day. Catalogues are in the press.

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EDITED BY

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"Revivals" will consist of Pieces hitherto only existing in manuscript, or which have been out of print. Selected from the works of Eminent Masters.

No. 1.

GRAND FANTASIA, in E and A minor and

major 6 0

This Fantasia was first played in Public by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, at her Pianoforte Recital in St. James's Hall, June 17th, 1869.

No. 2.

DRAMATIC FANTASIA, in C major ... 6 0

Played for the First Time in Public, at the Monday Popular Concerts, by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

No. 3.

SONATA, in C major 5 0

No. 4.

SONATA, in E flat major 5 0

No. 5.

SONATA, in E minor 5 0

COMPOSED BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

"Among recent classical publications a high place must be assigned to a series of pieces hitherto only existing in manuscript, or which have been out of print," edited by Mr. J. W. Davison, and issued under the appropriate name of "Revivals." Up to the present time five numbers have appeared, exclusively containing works for the pianoforte by Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, all of which are now printed for the first time. Though Friedemann Bach has had scant justice done to him, his merits are not unfamiliar; and precisely for that reason will a welcome be given to these novelties from his pen—novelties, let us say at once, entirely worthy the great Cantor's favour and most gifted son. Taking them in order, No. 1 is the remarkable Fantasia played by Madame Arabella Goddard at her Recitals two seasons ago, and received with so much favour. A genuine Fantasia, by reason of the exuberant, though always well-regulated, imagination it displays, this work is not without a classic severity becoming the name of its author. Take, as examples of the last-named quality, the beautiful Allegretto, and, in a different style, the brilliant Rondo finale—movements showing the hand of an artist, as well as the fancy of a genius. No. 2, called by the editor, for obvious reasons, "Dramatic Fantasia," is perhaps yet more striking than its predecessor, owing to a free employment of recitative, and the singular boldness which characterizes the work as a whole. Its ideas are expressed so clearly, and are themselves so interesting, that the attention never flags; while the simple structure of every movement allows nobody to mistake the means for the end. As an example of suggestive, and therefore attractive, music, this old Fantasia might challenge the vast mass of modern and more pretentious effusions without fear of the result. Nos. 3, 4, and 5, Sonatas in C major, E minor, and E flat major respectively, bear such a general resemblance to each other that separate notices are not required. Enough if we say that melody, fancy, and classic form combine in these works to produce a result of the utmost value. Here we have true, unaffected, and graceful music, coming to which, from a good deal that is written now-a-days, is like inhaling fresh mountain air after being 'in populous city pent.' There is only need to add that the sonatas are within the means of even moderately-skilled amateurs, and that Mr. J. W. Davison has shown as much care in editing them as research and judgment in their discovery and selection.—*Daily Telegraph*.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

"THE SONG WE LOVE SO WELL,"

DUETTINO.

Written by J. P. DOUGLAS.

Music by WALTER HAY.

O softly breathe the song again
Whose music seems to me
The whisper of an angel's voice,
Or dream-like melody.
How oft beneath the twilight stars
In some sweet shaded dell,
Our mingling voices wake that strain,
The song we love so well.
In hour when we no more may meet
O breathe the witching strain,
Whose lingering echoes in my heart
Shall thrill its chords again.
In union sweet that parted far,
Moved by a mystic spell,
Together shall our lips repeat
The song we love so well.

"This is an exceedingly nice setting of words, the air being tuneful, and the harmony effective."—*Edinburgh's Shrewsbury Journal*.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

A HISTORY OF OPERA.

By C. SCHULZE.*

(Continued from page 140.)

In Germany, the introduction of opera was greatly facilitated by the love for art and magnificence characterizing the Emperor Leopold, the Electors of Bavaria and Saxony, as well as other reigning princes, who frequently used to get up brilliant dramatic performances at their respective courts. The first German *Singspiel*, or play interspersed with songs, was Rinuccini's *Daphne*, translated by Martin Opitz in 1630, that is to say, in the midst of the turmoil of the Thirty Years' War, which might have been supposed to scare away anything in the shape of art. The piece was produced with the music of the *Capellmeister*, Heinrich Schütz, at the marriage of Sophie, sister of the Elector Johann Georg I., with the *Landgraf* of Hesse, Georg II.

Among the oldest musical pieces really German, the first place is held by the religious sylvan poem, *Scelwig*, composed by the famous organist, Joh. Gottl. Stade, at Nuremberg, in the year 1644, for three treble voices, two alto voices, two tenor voices, and one bass voice, and scored for three violins, three flutes, three reed-pipes, a big horn, and a theorbo (bass lute), as a foundation for the whole. A peculiar trait of this German work was the characterization of the personages by the vocal parts assigned them, and the intentional employment of the German rounded form of the song, which moreover was enlarged into the air and the concerted piece.

German was not, however, retained in the service of opera, Italian singers of both sexes being yet employed. It was not until after 1678, when the first German theatre was erected in Hamburg, that our mother tongue succeeded to its rights upon the operatic stage. We find mentioned as the first musical piece at this theatre, *Der geschaffene, gefallene, und aufgerichtete Mensch* (*The Creation, Fall, and Regeneration of Man*), words by Richter, and music arranged by Theile, pupil of Heinrich Schütz. The book, like those of the operas represented up to the year 1690, was treated, it is true, as regards its purport and language, exactly like the coarse Shrovetide pieces, and the music composed, solely by amateurs, was doubtless appropriate.

In Spain, it was the custom, even during the earliest years of Philip II.'s reign, to sing duets and trios in comedies, but it was not till the nuptials of Carlos II. with Maria von Neuburg that the first opera, Lully's *Armide*, was brought out. Italian music, however, was preferred, and, soon afterwards, singers and composers were sent for from Naples and Milan.

In Russia it was, of course, not until a late period that opera took firm root. The Empress Elizabeth built the first Russian opera-house in Moscow. At her coronation in 1762, Hasse's *Clemenza di Tito* was performed in this theatre with all imaginable splendour. Metastasio's three poems, *Alexander in India*, *Semiramus*, and *Olympias*, with music by Manfredi, enjoyed the same honour.

The first Russian opera mentioned is *Cephalus and Procris*, words by Sumarokov, music by Araja, only Russian singers and players taking part in the performance. But in this case, also, the Italians retained the prize. Catherine II. gave a large salary to the celebrated Galuppi, whom she sent for from Venice, and his music to Metastasio's *Dido* achieved an immense success.

We have seen how Italian music and Italian poetry subjected all the countries of Europe beneath their sway. But the greater the sphere of their dominion became, the more depraved grew the taste displayed by them. The books became worse and worse, being a confused mixture of historical and mythological, real and allegorical, sacred and profane, subjects, while the language was stilted and high-sounding, sentimental, full of empty phrases, and purportless. The poetic art was no longer the royal sister of music; it was degraded into a Cinderella. Though, about 1650, Ciccognini combined the serious with the comic, the elevated with the low and common, and poetry with the loosest prose, he was considered a reformer of the drama and a model for imitation.

It must not, however, be supposed that the progress which I have mentioned as taking place in composition, melody, harmony,

and instrumentation, found favour with all the musicians of the period, and excited them to follow in the same path. The case was then exactly what it is now. The progress made was itself, too, insignificant. Not a single composer, till shortly after 1650, advanced true musical expression. The contrapuntal-periwig style continued to flourish bravely. Fugue and canon still attempted to carry on their soul-murdering game; musical riddles and eye-music could not satisfy the thirsty feelings, and the narrow-minded system of harmonics did not budge from its own ground. The melody suffered seriously from being overloaded with ornamental shakes, slurred notes, tremolos, interrupted cadences, and *Rückungen*; noisy instrumentation became more and more a perfect curse on the land. Dances, good scenery, and artistic machinery, such were the birdlime with which it was attempted to catch the public. We are indebted to French opera for the first improvement in this respect. The success obtained by the performances of the Italian singers whom Mazarin had invited to Paris, excited in a high degree the emulation of French authors and musicians. In 1659, the Abbé Perin wrote a pastoral, for which Cambert, organist at the Church of St. Honoré, composed the music. They did the same in 1661. Both pieces appear, however, to have excited only a passing interest. Perin, to whom, as I have already mentioned, was granted the privilege of erecting permanent theatres in Paris, and other towns of France, was more fortunate with his melodrama of *Pomone*, which, with Cambert's music, entranced the Parisians for eight successive months, and brought the author in the respectable sum of 30,000 francs. The privilege conceded to Perin was, however, obtained the following year, 1672, by Lully, who founded French opera, and thus represents a step in the development of opera generally, preparing most creditably the path for the ideas of a great master who came after him, and who understood better than all other musicians to turn his ringing thoughts into ringing coin.

Lully began his career at Paris as a scullion, and died a royal chapellmaster, leaving behind him property to the amount of 630,000 livres. He was born, in 1632, at Florence, and went to Paris when he was a boy of twelve. His opera of *Cadmus*, for which Quinault wrote the book, was produced in 1673 as the first lyrical tragedy of the French theatre. In that same year he obtained the theatre in the Palais Royal. A Royal order forbade at the same time more than two singers and six violins to be employed in any other Parisian theatre.

The new theatre opened with Lully's *Alceste*, the words of which were written by Quinault. This was followed in 1675, by *Thesens*; in 1676, by *Atys*; and, in 1677, by *Isis*. As Lully ascribed the small success of these operas to Quinault, he allied himself with Corneille, who wrote for him *Psyche* in 1678, and *Bellerophon* in 1679. In every subsequent year, however, we again find Lully in faithful alliance with Quinault. The last opera, namely, *Armide*, was produced in 1686. It pleased, however, neither the public nor the Court. Under these circumstances, Lully had it performed for himself alone, the only other such instance, only with a contrary motive, being one that occurred not long since at Munich. The plan succeeded, for it caused King Louis to think there must be something in the opera after all. He ordered it to be revived, and the court and public went into ecstacies of delight. Even after Lully's death, which took place in 1687, his operas were the favourites of the French, and continued to be so for more than half a century.

His music, it is true, enjoyed a higher reputation than its value deserved; Lully's recitatives are not so pleasing and characteristic as those in the works of many of his predecessors. The choruses were generally treated in one uniform manner, although more carefully than before; his airs were really nothing more than *chansons*, and this is why they soon spread about as street ballads.—But airs, chorus, and ballet were skilfully dovetailed into one another. It was Lully who developed the heroic and historical ballet as it is called, and composed the music for it. His scoring, too, is clever. His instrumental basis for the orchestra, especially in the choruses, is the stringed quartet. His overtures for stringed instruments used for a long time to be played, even in Italy, before every opera, until they were displaced by Scarlatti's. They consist mostly of two movements in the same key, one of which moves homophonously in the Largo,

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

and the other figured in the *Vivace*. Besides furnishing the music to Molière's *Princesse d'Elide*, and *L'Amour Médecin*, Lully composed nineteen operas. His greatest merit was the fact of his constantly endeavouring to obtain good poems, which Quinault, who was very talented, wrote for him. *Armide* and *Atys* are, in their way, masterpieces of poetical expression. Quinault's books have been used down to the most recent times, though the recitative is brought rather too prominently forward in them. The whole stock in trade of mythological wonders was flung overboard; the public wanted to see reasonable beings speak and act. The great characters of Greek and Roman history became henceforth the supports of opera. The acts were reduced from five to three; the wearisome prologues were lopped away; the recitatives were curtailed; the airs and duets were removed to the end of the scenes; and the choruses previously introduced at the end of every act abolished. The scenery and changes of scene became much more simple. Apostolo Zeno, too, of Candia (born 1750), the founder of magnanimous opera, contributed as much as Quinault to the improvement of operatic text books. His characters were elevated, though their expression of passion appears frequently somewhat flat; the action was always based upon sufficient motives, though rather involved, and in many scenes too long, so as to render the music fatiguing. But still higher than Zeno stood Metastasio (died 1782), whose soft, harmonious language seemed expressly created for composition, to which it excited even Mozart. As we are aware, the book of *Titus* is by Metastasio. He employed in a skilful manner long and short lines, different metres, and even rhyme; he introduced, with equal skill, the lyric into the dramatic style, and strove to attain truthfulness of character, a greater rapidity in the events, and animation in the scenery. We must, it is true, sometimes overlook the fantastical nature of his mode of expression, the frequent and cloying recurrence of amorous toying, and the invariable sameness of the dramatic complications and crises.

(To be continued.)

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The second concert took place on Wednesday, with the following as a programme:—

PART 1.—Reformation Symphony—Mendelssohn; air, "Elle m'a prodigé sa tendresse" (Edipe à Colonne). Mons. Jules Lefort—Sacchini; Concerto in C minor, pianoforte, Madame Schumann—Beethoven; Recit. ed Aria, "Deh vieni non tardar" (Le Nozze di Figaro), Mdme. Lemmens Sherrington—Mozart; Overture, "The Woodnymphs"—W. Sterndale Bennett.

PART 2.—Jupiter Symphony—Mozart; Scena, "Ah quelle nuit" (Le Doniu Noir), Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington—Auber; Overture, Oberon, —Weber.

The symphonies afforded an excellent contrast between the symmetrical proportion observed by Mozart, and the free illustration of some avowed subject. Of the various examples of the latter kind none out of Beethoven are equal to those by Mendelssohn. A worthy addition was made to them by the release of the "Reformation" symphony, each successive hearing of which has rendered more manifest the beauty and power of the work. Again on Wednesday night the sublimity of the introduction, the passionate *Allegro con fuoco* so suggestive of strife and contest; the grace of the *Allegro vivace* (encored as usual); the pathos of the *Andante*; and the skilful treatment of the Lutheran chorale, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," culminating in jubilant triumph at the victory of the reformed faith, were heard with pleasure. Mozart's great orchestral piece again justified the title first bestowed upon it in this country, and is now universally adopted. These works, Professor Bennett's graceful and charmingly instrumented overture, and the romantic prelude to Weber's dramatic work, were all played with great effect, and carefully conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins. The concerto of Beethoven is one of those works especially suited to Mdme. Schumann's style, and she again gave it so as to elicit unanimous applause. Madame Parepa-Rosa was to have made her first appearance since her return from America, but illness prevented her. The pieces set down for Madame Lemmens-Sherrington were sung as on many previous occasions, and with the same applause, M. Lefort being also well received.

The third concert will take place on April 24th.

DR. FERDINAND HILLER.

(From the "Times.")

The temporary sojourn among us of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, one of the most distinguished living representatives of the musical art, and Spohr's successor as the honoured "Altmäister" of Germany, is conferring upon some of our public performances just now a special interest. The junior of Mendelssohn by about three years, Hiller was one of the most intimate of the few very intimate friends of that great musician, and ranked high in his esteem among the companions who strove heartily with him towards a common end. A reference to Mendelssohn's published letters will suffice to acquaint all previously unaware of the fact upon what terms Hiller was with their illustrious author, and what Mendelssohn himself thought of Hiller. But even this honourable testimony is not required on behalf of one who has laboured so assiduously and effected so much for art in various ways. There are few branches of musical composition which Dr. Hiller has not, from time to time, successfully essayed. Oratorio, opera, and orchestral symphony have come to him with like facility; while his numerous additions to the repertory of the pianoforte, upon which he is still one of the most masterly of living executants, have contributed no little towards the preservation of the "universal instrument" as a medium for upholding and strengthening a taste for that genuine art which meets with such formidable antagonists in those who look upon self-display as the beginning, the middle, and the end. Against the egotism of pure "virtuosity," Dr. Hiller, although from the earliest himself a *virtuoso* of exceptional acquirements, has argued with unbending severity and thereby earned among lovers of music for its own sake a high and durable reputation. Further than this he is one of the most deeply-read and accomplished critics of our day, and by the exercise of his literary pen has done scarcely less for the cause of healthy art than by the example of his musical productions. Dr. Hiller, in short, deserves the hearty recognition which is everywhere the admitted prerogative of honest and earnest labour; and as he comes so rarely among us, we are glad to find that his present visit has not been passed by unheeded in certain influential quarters. The familiar friend and in some respects the rival of Mendelssohn is no ordinary man. Such was Hiller; and that he is now still something more has been satisfactorily proved since his recent arrival in England.

At the third Oratorio Concert the first piece in the programme, and indeed its most important feature, was Dr. Hiller's *Nala and Damayanti*, written expressly for the Birmingham Festival of 1870, and produced with entire success. In St. James's Hall the other night, as in the Birmingham Town Hall last September, Dr. Hiller directed the performance. We need not again describe the cantata. It will be remembered, by all who take an interest in the matter, that the poem is founded upon an episode in the ancient Hindu epic, the *Mahabharata*, and that it turns upon the loves of Prince Nala of Nishadha and Princess Damayanti, daughter of King Bhima, who enamoured of each other by hearsay, although they have never met, are, with certain supernatural aids, ultimately brought together and duly wedded. Such a subject would have possessed little interest at the present time were it not on account of the fanciful and richly-coloured music which Dr. Hiller has invented for it, and by means of which he has, if we may employ the phrase, galvanized a corpse. No one cares for Nala; no one cares for Damayanti—in spite of the renown of her beauty; least of all does any one care for King Bhima. But every one with an ear attuned to harmony must care for Dr. Hiller's music—and particularly for that part of it which illustrates the opening scene of the cantata (in the Gardens of King Bhima). The execution, on the whole, was even better, perhaps, than at Birmingham; and for this the utmost credit is due to Mr. Barnby, who, although he had prepared the work for public performance, resigned his conductor's stick, with excellent taste, to Dr. Hiller on the occasion. The principal singers were Miss Edith Wyane, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Santley (the same as at Birmingham), against not one of whom could a single objection be raised; the orchestra, with Mr. Carrodus, our admirable English violinist, as leading violin, was all that could be wished; and the vocal portions, with an exception here and there, were given in such a manner as must have satisfied Dr. Hiller himself, difficult to satisfy as he notoriously is. Under any circumstances he could hardly have been otherwise than pleased with the very cordial reception he experienced at the hands of Mr. Barnby's audience.

At Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert a still more important share of the programme was awarded to Dr. Hiller, who not only conducted the performance of his grand orchestral symphony in E—*"Ess muss doch Frühling werden"* ("It must soon be spring"), but played the pianoforte part of Mozart's con-

certo in D, as well as two solo pieces composed by himself. The symphony has been more than once described. It was originally introduced, six years ago, at the concerts of the unhappily defunct Musical Society of London and was also played at the Crystal Palace under Mr. Manns about this time twelve-month. Ambitious in design, large in proportions, and, for the most part, thoroughly original in the method of its development, one or two hearings are scarcely enough for amateurs, however attentive and intelligent, to grasp the purport of the whole, as a whole. Each new performance, however, helps to disclose fresh beauties, and establishes more and more clearly the fact that while Dr. Hiller, in the composition and working out of this really noble symphony, has been to a certain degree influenced by his famous contemporaries, Mendelssohn and Schumann, he is a vigorous thinker on his own account, and had Mendelssohn and Schumann lived, might in some measure have also influenced them, Schumann (who was very impressionable) in particular. But Mendelssohn died in 1847; Schumann in 1854—somewhere about the period at which the symphony in E was composed; and thus Dr. Hiller, whose talent, enormously developed since the death of Mendelssohn, had, when Schumann obtained possession of the musical mind of Germany, undergone a fresh metamorphosis, was not allowed a chance of taking his revenge. It matters little, however; the symphony, "*Es muss doch Frühling werden*," to which, by the way, we see no reason for attaching a political significance, is a splendid composition; and it was agreeable to find it thoroughly appreciated by the Crystal Palace audience, who applauded every movement, and called back the composer with enthusiasm at the end. Better played, we say it advisedly, the symphony could not by any possibility have been. One word must describe Dr. Hiller's performance of Mozart's concerto in D (the so-called "Coronation Concerto"); and that word is "perfection." It was really as if Mozart himself were playing his own concerto. All of Hiller consisted of an elaborate "cadenza," in the first movement improvised in masterly style, and a shorter one in the *finale*, so completely in keeping with the text that any one might have believed it to be Mozart's. We have seldom heard the work of a great master given with more utter self-abnegation or more religious devotion to the author.

Of the pianoforte solos introduced by Dr. Hiller (one of his pianoforte "Studies," and a little caprice, "*Zur Guitare*") we need only say that they were played with exquisite delicacy and taste; but as such pieces belong more properly to the "Pianoforte Recitals" which Dr. Hiller is now giving in the Hanover Square Rooms, we prefer discussing this particular phase of the eminent musician's talent on a future occasion. At the two concerts of which we have spoken there were other things worth notice; but our immediate object is simply to remind our readers that such a "representative man" as Dr. Ferdinand Hiller is among us; that he is the "*Altmeister*" of Germany; and that he may not come again.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

Saturday last might be termed a "Hiller day" in the chronicles of the Crystal Palace, seeing that the performances and compositions of the distinguished Cologne professor took up by far the larger share of the afternoon's work. The compliment implied was honourable to all parties, and must have been especially satisfactory to those who feel that the grace with which we, as a nation, entertain artistic strangers is not the most distinguished. Dr. Hiller had reason to be pleased with the arrangements made; and not less with his reception by a crowded audience, who applauded heartily as he came forward to play Mozart's "Coronation" concerto for the piano—a work written in the memorable year (1788) which gave birth to the "Jupiter" symphony and its two companions. Though bearing so pompous a name—for no better reasons than that it was produced during the coronation festivities at Frankfort in 1790—the concerto itself is far from magniloquent. Its character, indeed, is more delicate and graceful than the average of the composer's important works, though the various movements nowhere lack that easy display of science so distinctive of Mozart. Dr. Hiller's performance was a rich treat for every lover of genuine taste. It was pianoforte playing of a sort unhappily becoming rare now that executants take upon themselves a position above the composer, indulging fancy readings, and putting their own gloss—which is often anything but brilliant—upon the subject in hand. Dr. Hiller found Mozart in the book before him, and he presented Mozart to the audience, without affectation, and without obtrusiveness. Nothing could exceed his manipulation in neatness, or his rendering of the music in its facile and truth-

ful expression. The performance, to be brief, was of the purest and most healthy class—a fact the majority recognized, if we may judge by the hearty applause and recall awarded to the player. Dr. Hiller next conducted his own Symphony in E minor (Op. 67)—a work first heard at the Crystal Palace, twelve months ago, under Mr. Manns' direction, and favourably received. Adopting as a motto the title of one of Geibel's poems, "*Es muss doch Frühling werden*" ("It must soon be spring"), the composer has evidently written to a programme of ideas suggested by it. Hence, Mr. Manns describes the Symphony in his analysis as a poetical musical illustration of a combat between winter and spring." He is uncertain, however, whether the seasons named be those "of nature, or of the human heart, or of the life of great nations;" and it is a singular illustration of the elasticity—indeterminateness, some would call it—of programme music, that the work does equally well for all three. The better way to treat Dr. Hiller's Symphony, in common with every other production of its kind, is not to apply a theory of minute interpretation, but to allow the music free play for the creation of its own mental effects. Those effects may vary in different people; but the fact merely illustrates one of the glories of the art. In the elastic nature of musical expression lies the secret of its universality; and he who would have others interpret according to the theory which best suits himself, is as unphilosophical in principle as mischievous in practice. Therefore we shall not trouble about the precise meaning of Dr. Hiller's Symphony. Enough, that on Saturday it spoke eloquently and pleasantly to every one who had ears to hear, and achieved a success rarely given to works of the class upon so short an acquaintance. Here let us say that the work gains in favour as acquaintance lengthens; and the fact is one of very gratifying import, because showing that Dr. Hiller has said something new, or else that he has presented that which is old in a novel form—in either case an honourable result. Adequate analysis of the symphony would require far more space than we have at command; and the merest outline of its character must, therefore, suffice. In the opening *Allegro*, two subjects—the one wild and impetuous, the other suave and tranquil—suggest an idea of conflict between opposing forces; but the cultivated listener is less concerned for their significance than interested by the masterly treatment of the themes, and by the picturesque colouring at which Dr. Hiller is so remarkable an adept. A like general structure marks the *Adagio*; and here in a special sense, does the composer's command of all the resources of harmony show itself. No music could be more ornate, while, at the same time, pure and delicate melodic phrases modify any impression likely to arise from over-richness. In the *Scherzo* an effect is made by the Wagnerish device of a *tremolando*, for violin in the upper register, with the theme of a counterpart below. Much fancy distinguishes this attractive movement; but Dr. Hiller reserves his greatest power for the *finale*, which "seems throughout," says Mr. Manns, "a continuous stream of unbridled animation." We think that what the Crystal Palace conductor expresses as a semblance is, in fact, a reality; for the works of the greatest masters must be searched to find a movement of more vigorously sustained interest. It brings the symphony to a noble climax, and makes an impression the outcome of which on Saturday last was a mark of approval at once unanimous and hearty. How the entire work was played under its composer's own direction there can be no need to tell. Dr. Hiller's ultimate contribution to the programme was a study in D flat, for pianoforte; and a *morceau* entitled "*Zur Guitare*," the latter perfectly charming in its characteristic piquancy and grace—qualities which so able an executant as the composer had no difficulty in bringing out to their full measure.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Mdlle. Lina Mayr, a great favourite here, was attacked a short time since, by cholera. She is at present out of danger, but it will be some time before she can resume her professional duties. According to persons who profess to be well informed, there is to be Italian opera next season, after all. Signor Marcelli is to fill the post of principal stage-manager, with the responsibility of making all the engagements. The services of Madame Adelina Patti and of Madame Volpini are already secured. Both these ladies will sing for a certain time in Moscow as well as here. The same is true of Madame Artôt. It is expected that Signor Tamberg will once more visit this capital, and that Signori Everardi, Bagagiolo, and Corsi, will be re-engaged.

LEIPZIG.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was recently performed by Riedel's Association, the solo vocalists being Mdlle. Weckerlin, of Dessau; Mdlle. Mühlé; Mdlle. Nanitz, of Dresden; Herren Robert Wiedemann and Ehrke.—Handel's *Samson* was given at the eighteenth Gewandhaus Concert.

BENEDICT'S ST. PETER AT BRADFORD.

(From a Correspondent.)

The sixth season of the Bradford Subscription Concerts was successfully brought to a close by a performance of Mr. Benedict's new oratorio. Any one acquainted with the difficulties of getting up a new work in the Provinces, where we have no opportunity for rehearsals with the band and chorus together, will admit that great credit is due to the committee who undertook and carried out the performance of last Friday. The choruses had been very carefully studied by the members of our Festival Choral Society, under their talented conductor, Mr. Broughton, and were given with great precision, if we except one or two slips occasioned by cuts and alterations in the score, with which the choral body was not sufficiently acquainted. The solo parts were entrusted to Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Mr. Santley.

In Miss Alice Fairman we made the acquaintance of a lady gifted with a full and pathetic contralto voice, and who, no doubt, will be a valuable addition to our oratorio singers, if she can overcome the slight nervousness, which in a young beginner is certainly no fault. Her recitations were well declaimed, and into the airs she threw a warmth of feeling, which at once made her a favourite. Mr. Nelson Varley's fine voice was heard to great advantage, and a little more familiarity with the music of *St. Peter* will make this oratorio a very desirable addition to his *répertoire*. Mr. Santley's delivery of the five great airs, and of the recitations which fall to his share, is well known by this time, and could not be surpassed by any singer of the present day. The orchestral accompaniments were well played by Mr. Hallé's fine band, and Mr. Hallé conducted the performance with his accustomed ability and circumspection. Mr. Moorhouse presided at the organ.

The impression which this oratorio made was on the whole favourable; the overture, the opening chorus with the following scene between John the Baptist and the chorus of Jews, and the two choruses, "The Lord be a lamp," and "Praise ye the Lord," were the most successful in the first part. "The deep uttereth His voice," is also a fine composition, but rather too complicated to be appreciated by a general audience at a first hearing. In the second part, the short choral recitative, "And they all forsook Him," is very effective, and gives a mournful picture of the Saviour left all to himself in his trouble. The air which follows, "O Thou afflicted," comes like the comforting voice of an angel upon all that sadness.

The playing of a dead march, as Jesus is led away to be crucified, falls rather strangely upon our ears, though when the Jews take up the melody and taunt the Saviour with the words, "Thou that destroyest the Temple," to which the disciples reply, "He is like a lamb," and when afterwards the two choruses are worked up together, the effect is very original and beautiful. The grand double chorus, "He will swallow up death," forms the climax of the work, and it is almost to be regretted that this should not form the end of the oratorio, inasmuch as the last part, "The Deliverance," contains nothing which approaches in grandeur the chorus just named.

We have great pleasure in congratulating Mr. Benedict upon the success of his oratorio, and hope to have an opportunity of soon hearing it again, when a more intimate acquaintance with the work will no doubt ensure a more perfect performance, and a fuller appreciation of its merits.

MADRID.—Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* has been given at the Operahouse, the principal vocalists being Signor Tamberlik and Signora Ortolani.

HAMBURGH.—Things have lately worn anything but a cheerful aspect at the Stadttheater. Indeed, had not the subscribers got together between them the sum of 10,000 thalers, and the landlord, Herr Slomann, foregone his claims for rent, the theatre must have been closed long since. On the 11th inst. a benefit was given for the unfortunate choristers, when Madame Voggenhuber, of Berlin, sang the part of Donna Anna in *Don Juan*. She took merely her travelling expenses and hotel bill. The rest of the receipts were handed over to the distressed *bénéficiaires*.—It is announced that Herr Sontheim, of Stuttgart, Signor Pancani, of Milan, and Herr Nachbaur, of Munich, will follow in quick succession, and hopes are entertained that the public will be at length induced to visit the theatre once again. Herr R. Wagner's *Meistersinger* is to be got up for Herr Nachbaur.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The Saturday Concerts given at the Crystal Palace show no falling off either in attraction or usefulness, thanks to the spirit and discrimination with which they are managed. A positive gain thus accrues to art; for the fact should never be overlooked that the directors of the great Sydenham house of entertainment have done, and are still doing, for orchestral music, what Mr. Arthur Chappell has achieved for the music of the chamber. The Saturday Concerts succeeding to the task left unfinished by others, have popularized the symphony just as the Monday Concerts have popularized the quartet. This is no slight distinction; but the Saturday Concerts do more—they offer to young and aspiring composers a means, limited only by an obvious and necessary discretion, of bringing their works before the public. What is owing to them, in this respect, by Mr. Arthur Sullivan needs no telling. Mr. Sullivan, as an orchestral composer at least, may be termed the foster-child of the Saturday Concerts; nor, though the pet, is he the whole of a promising family. The industry and talent of Mr. J. F. Barnett meet as often as possible with encouragement like that given by a recent performance of his *Paradise and the Peri*; and not long since an opportunity was afforded Mr. Henry Gadsby of showing his powers in the highest walk of art. The *Larghetto* and *Scherzo*, from Mr. Gadsby's symphony in A (No. 2), played on the 11th ult., left an impression of ability and thoughtfulness very comforting in days when but little of either is found. They also raised expectations which the composer must be careful not to disappoint. Setting aside a tendency to overwrought effects—and this we may look over as an error to be dealt with by experience—it is clear that Mr. Gadsby possesses both resources and a knowledge of their use. The *Scherzo* should specially be brought forward in proof. It is a genuine *scherzo*, full of fancy and ingenuity; and for him who wrote it no encouragement can be too great. Another valuable feature of the Saturday Concerts is their comprehensiveness. Mr. Manns reaps in every field of art; and if the crop be sometimes small, it shows at all events where a poor return may be looked for. Taking the programmes of the last seven concerts only, we find included such diverse works as Haydn's symphony in B flat (Salomon, No. 9.); Schumann's pianoforte concerto (Mr. Oscar Beringer); Spohr's symphony, "Die Weihe der Tone;" Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto (Madame Schumann); Schumann's symphony in B flat; Beethoven's violin concerto (Herr Joachim); and the symphony by Dr. Hiller. Adding to these a group of overtures chosen by a taste equally cosmopolitan, it becomes evident that the value of concerts so managed, and given week by week throughout half the year, can hardly be over-estimated. Their continuance is happily not in doubt. The Saturday Concerts have made their own public, and no more faithful and sympathetic supporters could a manager desire.—*Daily Telegraph*.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Otto Devrient has just completed a new translation of Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride*.

SCHMALKALDEN.—Herr Wilhelm, the composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein," had a paralytic stroke last week. He is now lying in a most precarious, though not quite hopeless, condition.

ANTWERP.—The statue erected in the Theatre to the late Albert Grisar by his admirers in this city, where he was born, was solemnly inaugurated on the 9th inst. It is placed in the vestibule opposite the grand entrance of the theatre, and between the two staircases leading to the boxes. Several persons made speeches on the occasion, one of them being Felix Grisar, a brother of the composer.

BRESLAU.—The Italian operatic company, under the management of Signor Pollini, concluded a series of six performances with Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*. In consequence of the success of these six performances, they added two more, the operas selected being *Don Juan* and *Rigoletto*.—Dr. Damrosch have definitely resolved to leave this town, where he has resided for so long.

DARMSTADT.—A three-act comic opera, entitled *Herr und Beamter, oder der Bürgermeister von Gingseldorf*, has been produced with decided success. The libretto is by Herren Rustige and Anthony; the music, by Herr Steinhart, of Stuttgart. The story is that of a certain burgomaster, so enthusiastic for art that he deserts his fiance for a singer, who leads him into an infinity of scrapes, from which he at last extricates himself, worried to death and deeply repentant, and marries his first flame. The music is said to be characteristic, melodious, and full of fancy.

TROUBLES IN VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

On the fifth of the present month, the director of the Imperial Operahouse certainly could not reckon the allegorical "bed of roses" among the pieces of furniture in the managerial sanctum. It had been decided, and duly announced, that *Le Prophète* was to be given on the day in question. Mesdames Gindels and Materna sent down word, almost simultaneously, that they were indisposed. A short consultation was hereupon held, the result being that for *La Prophète*, *Les Huguenots* was substituted. Scarcely, however, were the fresh bills posted up at the street corners ere a message was received to the effect that in consequence of sudden illness Herr Labatt was incapable of singing that evening. Once more the messengers attached to the theatre rushed frantically about to all the points of the compass. At the expiration of an hour, one of them returned with the happy tidings that Herr Walter had promised to take the place of his suffering colleague, and sing the part of Raoul. The manager, Herr Herbeck, and his trusty stage-manager, Herr Steiner, once more breathed freely. A load was removed from their breasts. But, alas! they were only repeating the process, indulged in by so many myriads before them, of enumerating the products of their eggs previously to the expiration of the full period of incubation. The two worthy, but over-sanguine, men were suddenly crushed by a notification that Mdlle. von Rabatinsky was hoarse, and of course, utterly unable to appear. Again did light-footed emissaries scour the ancient capital of the Hapsburgs, to inform all the members of the company still available that they must hold themselves in readiness to go on for something—not yet settled—at a moment's notice. Meanwhile, the manager and his "fidus Achates," after as much deliberation as the circumstances would permit, finished by selecting *Faust*. Information of the fact was despatched to the artists affected by it, and the "copy" of the fresh bills was on the point of being sent to the printing-office, when Fate struck another blow which fairly stunned the whole managerial staff. Mdlle. Ehn wrote to say that she, too, was ill, and could not leave her room! Again were the jaded messengers bidden to go forth and see what members of the company were still left in the possession of sufficient health to get through an opera in the evening. At length, at two o'clock p.m., new bills announced *Guillaume Tell*, which was actually performed—much, no doubt, to the surprise of the manager and his subordinates.

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OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The season of 1870-71 is passing away without any regular opera. Both New Orleans and Havana have been enjoying admirable performances, the one from a French, the other from an Italian company; but the proud metropolis of America has to content itself with occasional concerts.

And these concerts have been numerous enough. Those of Nilsson, of course, take the lead. The fascinating Swedish vocalist is on her way back to this city, and will begin a new series of concerts on the 14th inst. at Steinway Hall, assisted by her full troupe. During these series she will sing in the *Creation*, aided by several local vocalists of merit.

Ida Rosenbergh gave a concert here lately with good success, securing thereby enough money to give her a year or two's study in Europe. She has a sweet soprano voice, running very high, and in light florid music is decidedly successful. She was aided by the Arion Society, by the contralto Clara Perl, and by a number of other artists. An odd feature of the programme was a quintette for violoncellos.

Vienna Demorest, a young girl with a pretty voice, but imperfectly trained, has been making her *début* before invited critics. She sang well enough to give good promise for the future, but as yet is only a novice.

At a private *soirée* given at the residence of a literary gentleman here, I lately heard some very celebrated artists. Anna Bishop, superbly dressed, and as fresh as a lark, was the *prima donna*, and the great Georgio Ronconi was the baritone. Errani, a most artistic singer, who occupies a high position here as a teacher, was the tenor; and for contralto there was Madame Michaleski Krebs. All these artists are no longer in the first

blush of their powers; but they are all artists in the real sense of the word, and their performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*—a mere recital of the opera—was something to remember.

Miss Marie Krebs is giving, every Saturday afternoon, at Steinway Hall, her pianoforte *matinées*. She has shown great versatility and marked ability. She inclines to classical music, and her memory is something astonishing, as she plays the longest sonatas and fugues entirely from memory.

Wehli, the pianist, has been giving *matinées* at Booth's Theatre. He is very popular here. He is essentially a brilliant *salon* player, and is in some respects without a rival. With the ladies his playing is quite irresistible.

Miss Kellogg, our representative American *prima donna*, has returned to town after a five months' tour through the Western States. She is again overrun with concert engagements. At the last Philharmonic Concert she was the vocalist, singing a queer composition by Rubinstein—who has hitherto been known here only as an orchestral composer—and the "Bel raggio" of Rossini. There was considerable ill-feeling because the audience insisted on an encore, to which the directors of the Philharmonic would not yield, it being against their rules.

TROVATOR.

New York, March 9th, 1871.

OPERATIC PROSPECTS IN AMERICA.

A great deal has been said about the operatic programme of next season, and, consequently, considerable information has been given that was entirely premature. It is very probable, however, that the promised visit of Adelina Patti—we beg pardon, the Marquise de Caux—will be deferred another year. This is entirely contingent upon certain circumstances, however, as the Strakosches have the lady under contract, and may insist, in case they should think it advisable, that she should come this winter. It is about certain that Fraulein Lucca, the Berliner, will not come. More probable than all is that the grand opera of the season will present Miss Nilsson as the *prima donna*, with surroundings in the shape of artists, chorus, and orchestra never before given to the American public. Mr. Max Strakosch is almost indispensable to this arrangement. His contract with Miss Nilsson, unless we are mistaken, provides that she shall not sing in America for a stated time except under his management. Then, again, it is not probable that there is any other *impresario* in the country, amid the misfortunes that have attended the careers of most of these gentlemen, who can unite the necessary prestige, money, experience, and skill to render the *troupe* as complete as the times demand, and place so great a risk beyond paraventure of loss. There are innumerable difficulties that have to be overcome. There are 200 stockholders in the New York Academy to fight against; about 400 stockholders in the Brooklyn Academy; as many more in the Philadelphia Academy; also, stockholders in Boston, and unpopular operahouses or no operahouses at all in other cities—all of which present themselves in the shape of obstacles that have to be surmounted. Yet there is reason to hope that arrangements will be completed for grand Italian opera. If Strakosch does not secure Nilsson, he has some other great plan to attain the same object, the details of which are not yet revealed. Parepa is coming over to do English opera again, and has, we are informed, already secured Campbell, Castle, Drayton, and the Seguins. The other matters, said to be congealing into shape, will probably thaw out, and indeed English opera will develop a tendency to melt away, at best, under the brilliant light of the Italian sun.—*Chicago Times*.

VIENNA.—The Künstler Abend of the Imperial Conservatory of Music at Vienna, which took place on the 25th of February, was one of the most brilliant of the season. Nearly 2,000 persons, among them the *crème* of Viennese society, were present. Mdlle. Ehn and Mdlle. Rabatinsky, the favourite *prime donne* of the Opera, and first singers to the Austrian Court, were the artists. They sang several songs with great taste and expression. The most applauded were a new "French Pastorelle," sung by Mdlle. Rabatinsky, and the "Botschaft" sung by Mdlle. Ehn, both compositions of Mr. Goldberg, who presided at the pianoforte. The singers and the composer were recalled four times, and the songs were enthusiastically encored. The success was immense.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacoine, a very thin evening beverage.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONCERT OF THE THIRTEENTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 25TH, 1871,

To Commence at Three o'Clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Beethoven.
SONG, "Kennst du das Land?"—Madame JOACHIM	Beethoven.
AUF SCHWUNG, Op. 12, SCHLUMMERLIED, Op. 124, for Pianoforte alone	Schumann.
SCHERZINO, Op. 26, Madame SCHUMANN.	
SONGS, ("Romance from 'Rosamunde'")—Madame JOACHIM	Schubert.
SONATA, in A major, Op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame SCHUMANN and Herr JOACHIM	Beethoven.
Conductor	Mr. BENEDICT.

Extra Concerts (not included in the Subscription) will be given on Saturday Afternoons, March 25, and April 1. Subscribers wishing to retain their seats are requested to notify the same to Messrs. CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond Street, as soon as possible.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-NINTH CONCERT OF THE THIRTEENTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 27TH, 1871.

To Commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

MDME. ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F, Op. 133, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI	Beethoven.
SONG, "E vol dell' Erobo"—Mr. SANTLEY	Handel.
SONATA, in B flat, for Pianoforte, alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD	Schubert.

PART II.

SONATA, in G major, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Herr JOACHIM	Mozart.
SONG, "The Valley"—Mr. SANTLEY	Gounod.
TRIO, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI	Mendelssohn.

Conductor

Mr. BENEDICT.

Extra Concerts (not included in the Subscription) will be given on Mondays, March 27, and April 3. Subscribers wishing to retain their seats are requested to notify the same to Messrs. CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond Street, as soon as possible.

Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Balcony, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street; and Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

MARRIAGE.

On March 21st, Mr. C. J. KLITZ, of Hanway Street, to Miss KATE PALMER, of Basingstoke.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1871.

MUSIC AT COURT.

THE advocates and promoters of music and musical education in England have a good deal to put up with, as everybody who gives a thought to the matter knows. But their case might be worse. They might, for example, have to deal with a Vice-President of the Council less amenable to argument than Mr. Forster, and determined to place music neither among the "extra subjects" nor anywhere else "safe out in the cold." And they might—the thought causes a convulsive shudder—have to strive against the influence of a Royal Family and a Court bent upon doing as little as possible for the art after the most offensive manner. In neither of these predicaments are the furtherers of English music placed. The Vice-President of the Council knows how to overcome the prejudices of his Quaker education; and how, on a subject about which he is ignorant, to guide himself by the light of those who are learned.

As regards our Court, it is needless to say that within its sacred precincts music is a beloved guest; and that the members of our Royal Family are never so happily employed as when shedding the rays of their exalted patronage upon the divine art. In the latter respect music is indeed fortunate. We can easily imagine the multiplied calls upon the time and attention of those "born in the purple." Yet in spite of demands absolutely imperative—for your prince and princess are the least free of human beings—the English Royal Family contrives to send one or two of its members to at least two or three concerts every season. Here is, indeed, patronage of art which should put to shame the less exalted members of what James Plush used to call the "upper suckles." If everybody followed the illustrious example, what a good time would come to music and its professors!

But our Royal Family do more. Its members have been known to invite artists—generally foreigners—to their palaces; regarding with more or less attention the display of talent at such times made. Can it be necessary to point out the overwhelming honour thus conferred upon music and musical people? Certainly not; neither are we called upon to prove that, if the exigencies of Royalty permitted a more frequent bestowal of the honour, the burden of obligation would become unendurable. We have said that the artists distinguished by Royal regard are generally foreigners. That is true; but it is also true that sometimes they are English. Has not the "Great Vance"—one of England's best known and most famous singers, lifted up his voice within the walls of Marlborough House? And does not such a fact make amends for whatever slight may inadvertently have been cast upon native talent? The answer is so obvious, that we forbear to print it.

Music, with such a music-loving Court as that of England, could not but take a prominent part in the recent marriage festivities at Windsor Castle. There was music,

for example, at the ceremony itself—Wedding marches and a Beethoven chorus—while even as the Queen's guests plied knife and fork in the State dining-room, they did so under the stimulus of sweet sounds. Here is the programme of the Banquet music :

Wedding March—Mendelssohn.

Overture, *Zanetta*—Auber.

Waltz, "The Bridesmaids" (first time)—D. Godfrey.

Finale first act, *Il Don Giovanni*—Mozart.

Airs de Ballet from the opera *Casilda*—composed by H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe Coburg.

"Lieder ohne Worte"—Mendelssohn.

Quick March on the ballad, "I lov'd her for her gentleness"—composed by Colonel Michael Bruce.

Please, good reader, note the delicate taste shown in the above selection, and the compliment it pays to English art. Professional native talent is represented by Mr. Dan. Godfrey's "Bridesmaids" waltz; and amateur ability by Colonel Michael Bruce's quick march. Verily, all her Majesty's English guests must have held their heads high in presence of his Highness of Saxe-Cobourg, and his Serenity of Saxe-Weimar.

A concert followed the dinner, and here is the feast of sweet sounds laid before the distinguished and omnivorous company :

Overture, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*—Otto Nicolai.

Duo, "Du repos voici l'heure" (*Philemon et Baucis*)—Ch. Gounod. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Gardoni.

Andante con Variazioni, from the Kreutzer Sonata—Beethoven. Violin and pianoforte, Herr Joachim and Mr. W. G. Cusins.

Lieder (a) "Er, der Herrliche von Allen"—Schumann; (b) "Gruss"—Mendelssohn; (c) "Frühlingsnacht"—Schumann. Mdme. Joachim.

Wedding March—W. G. Cusins (composed expressly for the occasion)—Harp obbligato, Mr. J. Balar Chatterton.

Récit et Air, "Ah! quelle nuit," *Le Domino Noir*—Auber. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington.

Solo, "Prélude et Gavotte"—J. S. Bach. Violin, Herr Joachim.

Terzetto, "Ti prego"—Curschmann. Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, and Joachim, and Signor Gardoni.

Air, "Ah! quel plaisir d'être soldat" (*La Dame Blanche*)—Boieldieu. Signor Gardoni.

Duets (a) "Oh! wert thou in the cauld blast," and (b) "Maiglockchen"—Mendelssohn. Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Joachim.

"God save the Queen."

Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins.

Note again, most excellent reader, the homage offered to ability which is racy of the soil. English artists are represented in the scheme by Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington; and English music by the Wedding March of Mr. W. G. Cusins. What better would anybody desire? True, as there are people who could discover flaws in the faultless, some might say: "One native singer, and one indigenous piece, make up a very poor compliment to the musical genius of this country." But such objectors are unreasonable. The occasion was the marriage of a lady of German descent with a Scottish lord, so that England—apart from bearing a lion's share of the expense—had nothing to do with the matter. Hence, the native singer and the native piece are an immense concession most gracefully made. Happy English art! Happy English artists! Oh! let us be joyful.

BERLIN.—A very fine performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given, the other day, by the members of the Singacademie, under the direction of Herr Blumner. Among the solo vocalists, Mdme. Joachim especially distinguished herself. Her rendering of the two airs, "Weh ihnen" and "Sei stille dem Herrn," was exquisite. The soprano music was divided between Mdle. Adler and Mdle. Deeker. Herr Krause, of the Royal Operahouse, was the Elijah. To Herr Geyer, of the Cathedral, was allotted the tenor music.—Herr Joachim Raff has written a new Violin Concerto, which will shortly be published.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WE are glad to announce that Dr. Ferdinand Hiller has been requested to compose a Grand March for the opening of the International Exhibition on May 1st. We are still more glad to announce that the distinguished master has accepted the task, and will be present to conduct the performance of his work.

It is reported on good authority that the Queen rejected the verses written for Sir Michael Costa's "Albert Hall" cantata, by a distinguished man of letters, and herself compiled a libretto from the Bible. Courteous critics, please note.

WE hear, on good authority, that Mr. Gye has permitted Signor Bevignani to remain with Mr. Mapleson's provincial troupe till the close of its peregrinations. Well done, Mr. Gye! the age of chivalry did not end at Fontenoy with the memorable "Gentlemen of the English Guards, have the goodness to fire first."

PUBLIC indifference to novelty does not deter the managers of the Oratorio Concerts from bringing forward new things. On the contrary, it would appear to stimulate greater enterprise, as though a resolution had been formed to conquer popular feeling—or, rather, absence of feeling—at any cost. It will be interesting to watch the result of so persistent an attempt to excite the liveliness of healthful curiosity in that vast inert mass—the British musical public; but, meanwhile, we specially refer to the concert held last week in St. James's Hall. Out of five works performed on that occasion, three were given in London for the first time for the second time; and one, though 150 years old, had probably never been heard by any present. This was the boldest appeal yet made in the interest of an extended public repertory; and the directors, we doubt not, are rewarded by a consciousness of having discharged their duty and set a good example.

AT Pesth, the Abbate Franz Liszt has played over on the piano some portions from his oratorio of *Christus*, composed previously to his leaving Rome. Of course, the enthusiasm of the fortunate mortals present on the occasion was something tremendous. The Hungarian papers all express their opinion that it is a matter of national honour that this new work of their "Music-Count"—*in spe*—shall be played for the first time nowhere save in Hungary. We do not think they need be too anxious on the subject.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

BEIXTON MONTHLY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The sixth, and unfortunately the last for the present season, of these very interesting and well directed performances of chamber music, took place on the 14th instant at the Angel Town Institution. The selection consisted of Spohr's beautiful string quartet in G minor (Op. 4); Schubert's Fantasy Sonata (Op. 78); the *Largo* from Boccherini's sonata in F, for violoncello; and a quintet in G (Op. 3), for piano and strings, by E. Prout. In the interpretation of these works were associated with the director Mr. Ridley Prentice, Signor Piatti, and Messrs. Henry Holmes, Folkes, and Burnett; after the mention of whose names it will be almost superfluous to add that the performance was every way admirable. Mr. Prout's work fell rather flat, but all the other items were received with very great favour, and the violoncello solo of Signor Piatti elicited a warm encore, to which he responded by giving some of his characteristic three-part playing. The vocalist was Miss Blanche Cole, who sang "Vedrai carino," Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," and Dr. Arne's "Where the bee sucks" (the two latter encored). Mr. G. S. Minson discharged the duties of accompanist.—W. H. P.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.

Herr Coenen began the second season of his chamber concerts of modern music, in the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday last, assisted by MM. Wiener, Yung, Zerbini, Stehling, and Daubert, with Miss Elton as vocalist. The programme included Volkmann's pianoforte trio in B flat minor (Op. 5); Brahms's pianoforte quartet in G minor (Op. 15); and most interesting of all, though least "modern"—Beethoven's quintet arrangement of his trio (Op. 1), No. 3. The last was heard with great pleasure, and Herr Coenen will do well to repeat it in the course of his series. Miss Elton sang her songs well, and agreeably varied the evening's entertainment.

PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"On the 16th a highly successful violin and pianoforte recital was given by Madame Norman-Neruda and Mr. Charles Hallé, at the Masonic Hall, a comparatively new room, which would be excellent for sound, but for the very serious drawback of its close contiguity to the railway station, where shrieking engines constantly make their entrances and their exits, improvising an accompaniment more forcible than agreeable. As names of celebrated composers form part of the ornamentation of the room, it is only reasonable to infer that the performance of music was in contemplation when the building was erected, while the obvious fact that a good part of such performance must be at times utterly annihilated by the shrill railway whistle—or rather whistles (for there is not a more busy station in England than the New Street Station)—seems to have been completely lost sight of. Nevertheless, we pride ourselves upon being an eminently practical and common sense people, although circumstances which come but too frequently under our notice might raise some grave doubts on this question. It is not the first time that the wonderfully accomplished lady violinist has been heard in Birmingham, and the cordial reception and hearty applause accorded showed how fully alive were the audience to her merits, although it made the judicious grieve to find such brilliant talent wasted on solos so utterly meaningless as those by Nardini and Bazzini. Mr. Charles Hallé's finished mechanism had ample scope for display in Beethoven's Sonata in G, as well as in shorter pieces by Schumann, Weber, Chopin, and Schubert; while in the well-known duet of Dussek in B flat, and the Beethoven Sonata duet in G, the two artists joined their powers in happy and agreeable rivalry. On the 30th Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* is to be given in the Town Hall by the National Choral Society, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Drasil, Mr. Vernon Righy, and Mr. Lewis Thomas as principals. On the same night the first of three performances at the Theatre are to be given by Mr. Mapleson's troupe. The operas announced are *Faust*, *Der Freischütz*, and *Il Flauto Magico*; Mdlle. Tietjen, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini, Madame Sinico, Signori Bettini, Vazzini, Foli, &c. being announced as principals, with Signor Bevignani as conductor. On the 11th of April a performance of the *Messiah* is to take place at the Town Hall in aid of the funds for an organ at St. Stephen's Church; Selby Hill, Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss D'Alton, Signor Foli, and Mr. Sims Reeves kindly giving their services gratuitously for the occasion."

LIVERPOOL.—Respecting the last concert given by the Philharmonic Society, we read in the *Courier* as thus:—

"Last night this society gave a very interesting concert of sacred music, the first part of which was devoted to a performance, under the composer's direction, of Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*, solos by Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Vernon Righy, and Mr. Santley. We regret that limited space necessitates brevity, or we should have great pleasure in noticing the work in detail. M. Gounod excels as a conductor, indeed is one of the best we have ever met with, and his influence over the band and chorus was complete. Thus the effects were brought out in an admirable manner, which reflected infinite credit upon band, chorus, and principals. The remainder of the concert is set forth in the following well-selected programme, in which the artists already named were assisted by Madame Patey:—

"Overture, Op. 126 (Spohr). Sacred Song, 'There is a green hill far away'—Madame Patey (Gounod). Chorus, 'When his loud voice in thunder spoke' (*Jephtha*), (Handel). Song, 'Sanctum et terrible'—Mr. Santley (Pergolesi). Quartet, 'Honour and Glory' (*Noaman*)—Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Righy and Mr. Santley (Costa). 'Sinfonia' (*Joseph*). (C. E. Horsley). Duet, 'O lovely peace' (*Judas Maccabaeus*)—Miss Edith Wynne and Madame Patey (Handel). Chorus, 'Sanctus' (Bortniansky). Evening Prayer, 'This night I lift my heart to Thee' (*Eli*)—Madame Patey and Chorus (Costa). Chorus, 'Hallelujah' (*Mount of Olives*), (Beethoven). Wedding March (Mendelssohn)."

Mons. Gounod's sacred song was sung in the most artistic manner, and the composition was so much admired that the singer as well as the composer were recalled. A repetition of the song more than confirmed the favourable verdict of the audience. Mr. Santley is to be specially commended for his revival of Pergolesi's fine old air, which he gave in his well-known and irreproachable manner. The concert was very appropriately opened with Weber's 'Jubel Ouverture,' and closed with Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March.'

LEEDS.—The *Leeds Express* of the 20th says:—

"One of the largest audiences yet seen in the Leeds Town Hall assembled on Saturday, when the Madrigal and Motet Society occupied the orchestra. The first part comprised sacred pieces, and included Handel's 'O lovely peace,' sung by Miss Blakeley and Miss Anyon. Dr. Spark's Easter Anthem was admirably performed, Miss Newell singing

the solo with taste and effect. The wedding music included Benedict's 'Wedding Chorus' from *St. Cecilia*—capitally sung; a pleasing song composed by Mrs. Dodds, and sung well by Miss Hiles; Mendelssohn's Wedding March, spiritedly played by Dr. Spark; a new festal part-song by the Doctor, 'Merrily the bells ring out,' of a light, tripping, melodious character—but sung, strange to say, less accurately and effectively than any other choral piece during the evening; the Scotch ballad, 'For he's a braw and handsome lad,' which Miss Anyon gave excellently well; a lovely chorus of Henry Smart's, 'Awake, love,' sung *con amore*; and a song of Sullivan's, given with skill and effect by Miss Winder. The three last pieces of the programme were 'The Marseillaise,' 'The Rhine Watch,' and 'Rule Britannia'—the singing of which produced great excitement. The concert reflects great credit on the Madrigal Society."

BRIGHTON.—Mr. Sims Reeves has been singing in the Pavilion, and his performances of the *Messiah* airs is thus noticed by the *Guardian*:—

"'Comfort ye my people' was delivered with a sweet resonance of tone a grace of style, and a dignity of expression that made the effort, what it always is with Mr. Reeves—a splendid one. The following florid air was equally successful, though there was throughout a more literal adherence to the text than, we fancy, used to be usual with the singer. The intense pathos with which Mr. Reeves sang in the Passion Music made the deepest impression on the audience. It would be only repeating an oft-written report to name in detail the many points that evoke mingled admiration and feeling; suffice it to say that the singer once again held an immense auditory thoroughly enrapt, and that at the close of 'Behold and see' there was an earnest and unanimous redemand, which Mr. Reeves firmly declined. There was much of the renowned vigour in 'Thou shalt break them' (which was a perfect contrast to the piece just named), and the distinctive excellence of interpretation was fully upheld."

The Mantle of Mendelssohn.

In a recent critique the critic doth tell
That the musical mantle of Mendelssohn fell.
Now where did the mantle of Mendelssohn fall?

Till the critic proclaimed,
Really no one had named
That this musical mantle had fall'n at all.
For nobody knew

That amongst our few
Composers of *Talent* there really was one,
Admitted by all to be *Genius*'s son,—
We mean a full-grown and legitimate one—

A man to create
From the brain in his pate,
A school of *new* beauty; not one merely clever,
But one that will live—for to-day, and for ever.

Now we really knew not
'Twas our fortunate lot
To have such a man, who could honestly wear
The mantle that long has been floating in air.

In the case now before us,
The critic, like chorus,
Anticipates Time; and without hesitation
Has raised to the level of loftiest station
The most recent composer of Thomas Moore's poem
Paradise and the Peri—the reader will know 'im.

A young man of promise; but has he yet done
A work to establish his claim to be one
Of that brotherhood rare which brings from Art's mine
New jewels of Beauty, as fresh as they're fine,
And makes them an impress and signature bear

That belong to none else, and their maker declares ?
The *Mariner* came; full of promise was he;
But "promise" is promise, not "*fait accompli*."
The *Peri* has followed; but she has not won
The goal of ambition; the task's not yet done.
Forbear we to say that it will not be done;
The stock is right good whence this good English son!
Let him chasten his muse with old Discipline's rod;
And chasten conceit—'tis the road to be trod,—
And worship his art—not himself—as a god!
Let him wear, for the present, the cape or the shawl;
But the mantle's too large, while the man is yet small.

THE LAST NILSSON CONCERT IN CHICAGO.

There were probably few among the immovable people who make up Chicago audiences who were not surprised to find so immense a concourse of humanity as was packed in Farewell Hall on last evening, to hear another of the Nilsson concerts. Nothing could have attested so emphatically the popularity of the lady as to have been welcomed by so great a crowd after a few weeks' absence. Although Miss Nilsson had already sung nearly a dozen nights to full houses, at unusually large prices, the audience which greeted her upon her return last evening was certainly larger than that which awaited her first appearance. The seats were all filled; the lobbies were filled; the gallery was filled; and people even choked up the stairways. It is no disparagement to the entertainment itself to say that the audience was the most remarkable feature of the evening. Miss Nilsson showed scarcely any outward signs of the illness from which she has so recently suffered. The exquisite taste in dress, brilliant composure of manner so peculiar to her, the strongly-marked features, and the customary freshness of appearance, which have all become familiar now, were there; and her voice had lost none of its sympathy nor her style any of its purity and grace. In the pretty and characteristic Venetian duo with Brignoli; in the delicate feeling of "Casta Diva" as she sings it; in an exquisite Abé ballad; in a Rossini cavatina, and with the *pièce de résistance* which she had provided for America—she found the same admiration as that which, in the past, it has been the chief object of so many writers' lives to describe. The public may well be spared any effort to repeat the attempt at this time.

Though last night's concert was announced as positively the last, managers are loth to run away from such large audiences, and it would not be at all surprising if Mr. Strakosch should accord us some more of the dear music before going too far to the eastward.—*Chicago Times*.

MUSICAL CARTOONS.

To have been abroad for a few weeks is a sufficient reason for an Englishman afflicted with a facility for writing, to make a book about the people among whom he has travelled. Upon no point of history, politics, manners and customs, or social condition, does the modesty of the writer prevent expression of confident opinion*. It may be taken for granted that his lively productions are seldom read by foreigners. Otherwise there would be a sufficient reason for a good deal more hate than is usually bestowed upon "those English." Not that foreigners are strange to the habit of retaliating upon us after our own fashion, as witness the wives sold at Smithfield, the women kicked by their husbands with the applause of their neighbours, and similar instances of the amiable eccentricities of Albion. We wonder it has never occurred to one of those imaginative gentlemen to depict English manners and customs, dresses and amusements, from the windows of a popular music shop. We feel utterly at a loss to conceive the exact nature of the description, but can believe that it would be well worth reading.

The windows of our music shops are interesting studies for observers of the *outré* character of modern civilization. A change has certainly come over the spirit of the musical dreams of the country; and the pictorial point of the change makes a music shop a sight not to be passed by without the risk of missing something well worth regarding. Time was when the contents of a music shop, pictorially speaking, were by no means lively. They usually consisted of sundry views of the Lake of Como and the Bridge of Sighs designed, it would seem, from something seen at the theatre supposed to resemble those interesting spots. When it was not Como or Venice—"beautiful Venice"—it was a long-legged youth bearing a banner with a strange device; or a gentleman in silk tights and velvet tunic kneeling to a lady in bridal costume, and both with their mouths open as in the act of singing; or it was a simpering beauty in golden curls like nothing out of the canvas of the gentlemen who painted our grandmothers. All this belonged to the now expiring reign of sentiment, for which has been substituted a reign of Momus, not kinglike in laughter, but in shabby and down-at-heel snigger. One of the most favourite features of the present *régime* is a picture representing, as an evidently not unprecedented occurrence, the leaving of her infant offspring in a railway train by a young lady. Let us imagine the use our imaginary French scribe would make of this incident as a national characteristic.

The fact is the music-shop window is given up to pictorial representations of music-hall life. It would not be sufficient to sell the words and the music of the song which has ravished the frequenters of the Alhambra or the Pavilion; the patrons of the music must have a gorgeously coloured representation of the singer as he or she appeared in the act of singing. The illustration of these songs has grown into a considerable and curious branch of industry. It may not be generally known that the great A or the great B does not pay for the song which

brings him in daily bread. The great man, besides being the idol of the music-hall, is the patron of those who write his songs and score his music. The writers of the music and words secure the great man, and bring to bear upon him such persuasion as they possess to induce him to learn the song and to sing it. If the song proves a success, away go the writers to music publisher, who disburses some not too enormous amount for the copyright, which they divide between them after deducting the cost of such blandishments as have been used to get their production sung. The music publisher engages with the singer for a sitting to an artist in his favourite attitude, and the business is then complete. The publisher, as some copyright trials testify, sometimes makes large sums by these transactions—the song, being much more extensively purchased and sung even by young ladies than people suppose. It is very easy to see in the work of one or two of these music-cover artists that the vulgarity of their productions is attributable entirely to the vulgarity of their subjects. There is one in particular—Mr. A. Concanen—who, when he can get away from the face of Vance, Nash, or Liston, is thoroughly original and intensely humorous. As a specimen, examine his illustrations to a burlesque song in *Robinson Crusoe*. There is nothing vulgar about that. It is pure humour, and quite as amusing as anything in *Punch*. The same may be said of another production of Mr. Concanen—a *répresentation* of a waxwork show, though he has here been held down, evidently by an order to realize a scene in a burlesque. Left to himself Mr. Concanen is beyond question a caricaturist of a high order. We should like to see him caricature the stupid creatures he has had to draw for so many years.

The chief ornament of the music-hall window is, of course, Vance, sometimes called the "Great Vance." His latest portrait represents him in the act of singing the glories of soda and brandy. He holds a glass of that mixture so high that he seems desirous of pouring it on his hat. He is, at the precise moment, supposed to be telling his audience—

Soda and B, Soda and B;
Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or tea;

Soda and B, Soda and B,

There's nothing so good, boys, as Soda and B!

Mr. Vance looks particularly fresh in his portrait; not at all as if he had been up late over night on some congenial "spree." He does not, in fact, look like a gentleman to whom the refreshment of Soda and B should be an immediate necessity; but there he is, nevertheless, recommending the beverage. Those who hear him would, probably, under the circumstances when, according to Vance, there is nothing like Soda and B, prefer to put their trust in a draught of "early purl," or of that soothing concoction, rum and milk. Vance is in the shop windows always to a large extent. He can hardly be said to be disguised when he is represented in the costume of a policeman, a swell, or a costermonger; for the same nose of no order, unless Vancean, of which it is the single representative, and the same eyes bewray him in every portrait. Vance may be forgiven a good deal. He is not to blame for the songs he sings. He suits a popular taste. If he did not sing them some one else would. But when the aforesaid nose and eyes are associated with schoolboy costume, patience takes wing, and one feels impelled to rush into the shop and confiscate the imagining to a righteous vengeance. Passing from Vance, one would inquire what sins England has committed that she should be afflicted pictorially with J. H. Stead. Those jumping representations of parti-coloured garments labelled, "The Cure," seem referable more to the dreams of nightmare than to ordinary designs. If they are gazed at for a while, the eyes become dim, the brain is dazed. You get the "Cure" on the brain! The song has long passed from fashion—would it had passed from the region of print. If it were not uncharitable, one might wish for the time when the "Cure" would be past curing. That "L'Homme qui Rit," the "Jolly Nash," is another irritating person, as seen in a shop window. The man who can look at him for five minutes without a strong desire to kick him must be gifted with a larger share of patience than usual. Arthur Lloyd's appearance in the shop windows is not so irritating. He also shows in a wonderful variety of garments. They generally run in the funereal rather than in the festive groove—long black coats, white hats with black bands, black gloves too long in the fingers, &c. We have no space left for the Louies, the Minnies, and the Bellas of the music shop. Sooth to say, we have no inclination. The men are vulgar, but occasionally funny. The women are vulgar, but never funny. Not to put too fine a point upon it, they remind one too much of the casinos. The nigger minstrel line of pictorial art is at present not so flourishing as of yore, but occasionally may be described a black gentleman, with European facial contour, placed over the head-line of a song quite ultra-sentimental. Leaving the shop window, one tries to fancy how near Purgatory would be a life passed with none but the men who are great, the men who laugh and who are great, and who laugh to the tune of a Secretary of State's salary.

ULOCET OF SPEKE.

MDLLE. BRANDES AND MDME. JOACHIM.

The *Daily News* speaks as follows of the ladies who appeared at the Monday Popular Concert:—

“Mdlle. Brandes has performed with great success on many occasions, notably at some of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Concerts, where the audience is highly critical, especially on instrumentalists. Her enthusiastic reception here on Monday night was largely due to her undoubted merits, and perhaps somewhat to her juvenile appearance. Her principal display was in music not calculated to test the highest qualities of a pianist, in elevation of style and sustained power. Three detached pieces, albeit charming in themselves, do not give the same scope for intellectual grandeur and poetical sentiment that is offered by one of Beethoven's great solo sonatas; nor indeed, are such special qualities to be expected from one so youthful as Mdlle. Brandes. Perhaps therefore, she did wisely in choosing the *presto* movement in A major from Scarlatti's Harpsicord pieces, Schumann's *Arabeske*, and Weber's *Moto continuo* (as the *finale* to his first sonata is called), for her inaugural performance. In all these Mdlle. Brandes displayed much brilliancy of execution an especially crisp and elastic touch, and great decision and clearness of rhythm and accent. The young lady was warmly applauded after each piece; and on being recalled, she played the third number of the first book of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. In Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, for piano and violin, the co-operation of Herr Joachim at the latter instrument was so important a feature that we must await Mdlle. Brandes' solo performance of this master's music before pronouncing on her qualifications for its interpretation. Another specialty at Monday's concert was the first appearance of Madame Joachim, whose admirable singing has long been renowned in Germany. The fine mezzo-soprano voice and excellent declamation of this lady were displayed to high advantage in music of very opposite styles. In the air, ‘Erbarine dich’ (with the accompanying violin *obbligato* of her husband), from Bach's *Mattæus Passions Musik* in Schubert's ‘An die Leyer,’ and Mendelssohn's ‘Gruss’ (the latter encored). In the calm religious feeling of the first, and the romantic expression of the two modern *lieder*, Madame Joachim was alike successful and the applause in each case was general and earnest.”

THE WELSH CHORAL UNION.

At an Eisteddfod presided over by King Cadwallader, an unfortunate bard got into sad disgrace by singing in the “Isgyair ar y Bragod Danna,” and was ordered to adopt for the future the “Mwynen Gwynedd” under severe penalties. We do not know exactly what is meant by this record; but gather from it that music was a serious thing in Wales, even prior to the time when Giraldus Cambrensis wrote that “they (the Welsh) always begin with B flat, and afterwards return to it, that the whole may be completed under the sweetness of a grand and pleasing sound.” What our Cambrian neighbours were ere the “ruthless king” slaughtered the bards—if ever he slaughtered them which some doubt—they are now in all things appertaining to the Divine art. True, the National Eisteddfod has perished of inanition, brought on by bad management; but music is still the supreme amusement of Wales, and a Welshman no more loses his love for it when crossing the border into a fatter, if not a fairer, land, than under like circumstances a Scotchman leaves behind his distinctive caution. We wonder, therefore, that the Welsh residents in London did not bring forward a musical society of their own long ago. Some weeks ago, however, a Choral Union of Cambrians, conducted by a Pencerdd (Mr. John Thomas)—whether a Pencerdd Athraw, or merely a Disgylb Pencerdd-daddi, we know not—made its first appeal to a sympathizing and enthusiastic audience at the Store Street Hall. We shall not be expected to apply a very severe critical standard to the doings of the infant association. All bodies, individual and corporate, have their days of babyhood; when, if they walk at all, their gait is unsteady, and their chance of a tumble numerous. The Welsh Choral Union is just now passing through that phase of exi-tenue; and after hearing its members sing a varied selection of part songs, from Mendelssohn's “O hills, O vales,” to “Harlech, cyfod fy faner,” we can only urge them and their conductor to persevere. A hopeful beginning has been made, and in due time, when rough voices have been toned down, and when steady drill has brought precision and confidence, they will prove no unworthy representatives of the music-loving Principality. A band of four harps accompanied the concerted pieces, and gave “local colour” equally to the rollicking “Codiad yr Haul”—the original of Handel's “Happy we”—and to the solemn “Dewch i'r Frwyd.” The principal performers were all more or less connected with Wales. Miss Edith Wynne, though suffering from a cold, sang Crouch's descriptive song, “The Mother and her Child,” with charming expression; as she did a couple of Welsh airs, “The Miller's Daughter,” and “The Bells of Aberdovey.” Two of the three were encored. Miss Megan Watts, whose sympathetic voice ought to be often heard, had to repeat John Thomas's serenade, “Oh! where art thou dreaming?” Mr. Lewis Thomas (Pencerdd Gwffyn) refused an encore for his admirably

humorous rendering of “Largo al factotum;” and Mr. Brinley Richards accepted one for his new Welsh fantasia on national airs. A duet for piano and harp, which combined the talents of Mrs. Henry Davies and its composer, Mr. John Thomas, deserved the very favourable reception awarded it. Mr. W. H. Thomas was an efficient accompanist.

—o—

WAIFS.

Signor Gardoni had the honour of singing at Windsor Castle on Tuesday night, at the Royal Concert in honour of the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne.

Miss Adelaide Phillips, the contralto, is a native of Bristol.

The new Pittsburgh Operahouse cost 165,000 dols. and seats 2,100 persons.

The Boston Handel and Haydn Society's Triennial Festival will open on May 9.

The Lydia Thompson Troupe are at the National Theatre, Washington.

It is said that Mrs. Boucicault will only play in our cities during her visit to America.

The *Colleen Bawn* will shortly be produced at the Boston Museum, after several weeks of elaborate preparation.

“Beethoven's relatives,” says an American journal, “took part in the festivities in honour of their illustrious descendant.”

Miss Catherine Miles, of New York, created quite a sensation in Milan, last month, on the occasion of making her *début* in opera.

Louis, of Bavaria, tired of being a king, thinks of becoming an editor and having a musical paper. We wish him joy.

1870 brought out three new works on Beethoven in Germany, among them is *Frau Beethoven's Letters*, whoever she may be.

Adelaide Phillips is engaged as principal contralto for the Triennial Festival of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society, next May.

The annual festival of parish choirs in Peterborough Cathedral will be held on the 22nd June, when the Bishop of the diocese will preach.

The prince of Wales has subscribed £100 towards the restoration of the Choir of Exeter Cathedral.

Mr. Goldberg has already left Vienna for Italy, where he will stay only a short time, and in April he will return to London for the season.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg is reputed worth no less than 250,000 dollars, all of which is securely invested in improved real estate and United States securities.

One of the “accepted critics,” of Boston, left the Music Hall very suddenly after Nilsson had sung her “darkey song.” He probably expected a “walkround” would follow, with “Shoo, Fly,” and “Den I was gone.”

The Boston public are congratulating themselves on the prospect of keeping the great violinist Vieuxtemps among them after his engagement with the Nilsson concert party expires, a report having been circulated that he intends to take up his residence in that city.

Madame Parepa-Rosa's indisposition, our readers will regret to learn, has become so serious that her physician has ordered her, at least, two months' rest, and to give up all engagements for that period. Madame Parepa will leave London shortly for the south of Italy.

Mr. Gilmore's History of the Boston Jubilee is again announced. It it does not soon appear, it will have to be ranked among works upon music among the ancients. His Peace Jubilee is to take place in Boston, 1872, provided no one is then fighting.

M. Wieniawski has concluded a two years' engagement with Mr. Ullman. During the first year he is to play at concerts in Europe, at a monthly salary of five thousand francs, and during the second in America, at a monthly salary of ten thousand francs. In consequence of this engagement he will resign his post in St. Petersburg.

An American paper says:—

“One of the most direful results of the siege of Paris is foreshadowed in the announcement that over two hundred more French actresses only await the fall of that city to come to the United States. We don't need them, there's plenty of that trash here already.”

We hear that Herr Capellmeister Reinecke will arrive in London early in April and remain here for the greater part of the season. Amongst other compositions he brings a new overture written in celebration of the conclusion of peace, which we trust to have an opportunity of hearing.

The second rehearsal of Sir Michael Costa's sacred cantata, composed for the opening of the Royal Albert Hall, took place at Exeter Hall on Monday evening. A choir of about 1000 voices, consisting of the Sacred Harmonic Society, with sundry additions from the Handel Festival Choir, sang the music most creditably.

German schoolmasters are examined in music as follows:—

"Theory, origin, composition and definition of chords; correct transcription of a chorale; statement of the principles of difficult consecutive chords; knowledge of common and simple transitions from one key to another, and some knowledge of the construction of organs; singing: must be able to give the note either in the major or minor key; must sing a chorale from notes and be able to lead in part singing; organ playing: must be able to play an easy choral and voluntary correctly."

"Miss Marie Krebs," says the *New York Musical Bulletin*, "has been giving a series of afternoon piano recitals, during the last month at Steinway Hall, that have been very largely attended by fashionable audiences. The fair-haired German, who has come into our midst with all the poetry and earnestness of purpose of her Teutonic nature largely developed, has become a great and deserved favourite with our music-loving classes, and in winning for herself a reputation of which she may well be proud. Her pianism is remarkable for its clearness of touch, breadth of tone, and purity of sentiment, and these combined do much to render her a true and delightful artist."

The following selection of nuptial music in honour of the marriage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, was performed on the Leeds organ, by Dr. W. Spark, last Tuesday, before an audience of 2000 persons:—

1. The Bride's March (*Rebekah*), Barnby; 2. Air and Chorus (*L'Allegro*), Handel; 3. Ballad, "An English home," from *Freya*, an Allegorical Mask composed in honour of a Royal Marriage, G. A. Macfarren; 4. The Wedding March, Mendelssohn; 5. Song, "Young Agnes, tender flower;" Prayer and Nuptial Chorus, "Hail Festal Morning" (*Fra Diavolo*), Auber. 6. "The Lover's Duet," (*Lieder ohne Worte*), Mendelssohn. 7. Grand Chorus, Hallelujah to the Father" (*Mount of Olives*), Beethoven.

Dr. Spark was loudly applauded after each service.

The following, from the *Chicago Times*, is so good that it must have a place:—

Patti will not be in America for over a year, but the Strakosch family is already hard at work at the preliminary advertising. We are instructed per cable and regular correspondence about once a week, of the tender solicitude felt in the warbling marquise's fortunes throughout Europe. The appearance of a "cat-boil" upon her distinguished nose sent the horrible rumour through all France that she had been attacked with small-pox, and Von Moltke's legions spread not half the terror in that poor country than did this blood-curdling report. She bumped her head the other day against one of the wings of a St. Petersburg theatre, and we were at once assured that such was the joy on learning that not even her scalp had been abraded, that special thanksgiving services were ordered in all the Muscovite churches. And now she has tripped her lovely toes in the too voluminous folds of a robe, and, sprawling upon the floor, has barked her noble knees. A paragraph announcing that the Czar and his family have resolved to wear craps until her excoriated legs shall have fully healed will now be started on its journalistic rounds."

From a sermon delivered recently by the Rev. John F. W. Ware, of the Church of the Saviour, Baltimore, from the text, "That he would not adventure himself into the theatre" (Acts xix. 31) we take the following well-timed remarks:—

"Shall a man go to the theatre? Yes, if only as a reformer. If it is a bad place, and made so by the demands of the community, the more reason why good men should go and create a better demand. Ecclesiastical bombshells, which are now apt to burst where they fall, are not going to do what the presence and dictation of the respectable and good men and women in the community alone can. The theatre is an inevitability. Purify it. If you are in earnest about, and dread its influences, as you say, make a martyr of yourself for the good of it and your race. Go as a reformer if you can't go as a man, go to do good if you believe it to be sinful to go any other way. Better than that, go heartily, as a juicy human being, without gravel in your knee joints, or a distempered liver; go as a moral and accountable being, as you ought to go anywhere, to enjoy the good, encourage actors and managers in their strife for that, and in the quick way in your power at the moment rebuke the bad. Frown upon and put down everything that is low. Help the art to climb and re-establish itself. Use judgment as to times, and guard against any too muchness. But can a Christian go to a theatre? A Christian can and should go wherever a man goes, and the more Christians go to the theatre the more Christian will it be. I do not understand that a man's being a professor adds to or takes from his obligations. The Bible makes no exemptions, establishes no privileged class. Nor does it show me that a clergyman may go to the theatre in Paris, but

expel from his church those who go in New York. The morality I have learned, has nothing to do with continents and zones and vocations. The theatre is a good place for children if you are wise with them. They can't get as much harm there as at the street corner or with domestics. Personally, I have no hesitation in going to the theatre. I have seen less to object to there than in fashionable society. I find myself in as good company as I do anywhere, and I come away refreshed. I find in myself no residuum of evil—rather a needed exhilarant. I might, if I went everywhere, but we must select here, as we do always. What I object to is so clearly the fault of society that I pity the actors that have to serve such a master. And I think, if we all will do what we can to raise the social tone, to encourage a grand art, and make its noblest impersonations welcome and desirable, we shall be doing the best thing we can for it, for ourselves, for the public, make it sure that in the incoming future that the theatre shall stand side by side, hand in hand, with the press and the pulpit, in the elevation of popular taste and the teaching of Christian morality."

It is rumoured that the honour of Knighthood is likely to be conferred on Professor Sterndale Bennett, Dr. Elvey, and Mr. Benedict.

Mr. Sims Reeves' Benefit Concert on Thursday evening last, at St. James's Hall, was an immense success. The house was crowded, and the great tenor, who was in excellent voice, was received with enthusiasm. Full particulars in our next.

Experiments have been tried for years past by pianoforte makers with the object of producing an instrument on which music could be mechanically transposed into any key desired without trouble to the performer. Despite the ingenuity displayed in many of these attempts, none of them have thoroughly succeeded. A very simple invention has at length been perfected by Messrs. G. Carr & Co., of 27, Cannon Street, London. At the end of the piano keyboard frame is fixed the ordinary action, firmly attached by means of two thumb-screws. The keys themselves rest upon a long narrow plank of wood, also fixed to the key-frame; this "key-block" passes between two narrow slots cut in the two cheeks on either side of the piano. It will thus be seen that the key-frame carries the keys, action, and key-block, the whole, though in a piece, slides freely together up or down the bed of the piano. For the purpose of determining the key in which it is desired that the piano be set, small holes are drilled, at the distance of a semitone apart, in both ends of the key-block; in these holes moveable pegs are inserted, so that the necessary exact distance between the hammers and the strings is precisely adjusted. Additional strings are provided at the top and bottom of the piano to arrange for the shifting, consequently the performer has at all times a full compass instrument to play upon. The piano can be set in any key even by a child; the mechanism is so simple that it cannot get out of order, and the additional cost of one of these instruments is but trifling.

Great sympathy is expressed in musical circles here at a verdict given by a Lincolnshire jury against the celebrated pianist, Madame Arabella Goddard. The plaintiff was a country musician, who engaged Madame Goddard to give a recital where he resiled, she agreeing, in consequence of the paucity of the population to accept much lower terms than usual. Ill health prevented Madame Goddard from fulfilling her engagement, and the recital was postponed until another day. She was again forbidden by her medical attendant to fulfil the engagement, but acting upon instructions by telegram, she at once set off Herr Pauer and Miss Edmonds to replace her. On the arrival of these artists at Gainsborough, they were informed by the plaintiff that he had resolved that the concert should not come off. He subsequently dunned Madame Goddard for expenses which he alleged he had incurred. These she paid, and he then brought an action against her for breach of engagement. At the trial, Madame Goddard was too ill to give evidence, and the jury awarded the plaintiff a verdict, with £2 13s. 9d. damages. When it is considered that it has hitherto been the custom, in such cases, for illness to invalidate the professional engagements of artists, it must be acknowledged that the verdict is, to say the least of it, harsh, especially when it is remembered that Madame Goddard had, contrary to custom, paid the plaintiff's expenses. Many people, after reading the report of this trial, will share Baron Bramwell's opinions as to the curious verdicts of common juries.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

How much greater is the power of an old song, with simple air and words, than of those more difficult and artistic ones which sometimes throw the professional musicians into ecstasies of delight. It may not be because there is music or feeling in them; but they are endeared to the hearts of the common people through familiarity, and associated with home scenes of love and affection, and appeal to sentiments and feelings that otherwise could not be awakened, no matter how artistic, or sparkling with gems of beauty. When these have become familiar, and associated with the loves and joys of a lifetime, then they will also become "household words," and awaken the same feelings; but, until such is the case, the simple songs of yesterday will be the most popular.

Mindful of the text which states that the labourer is worthy of his hire, the trustees of a church in Western Pennsylvania, unable to pay their clergyman, in cash, the arrears of salary due to him determined to do it "in trade." Consequently, they sent him ten feet of stove-pipe, two papers of corn starch, one felt hat, three kegs of varnish, one paper collar, four palm-leaf fans, and two bundles of bed slates. The poor man thinks of setting up a store on the strength of this novel instalment of pay.

In France there is a separate Ministry of the Arts; in Germany this department is annexed to the Ministry of Ecclesiastical Affairs. In France there is a Minister of Justice; in Germany this department is annexed to the Ministry of Ecclesiastical Affairs. Von Mühler has to do with every branch of art: with painting, sculpture, building, modelling, carving; to appoint the great professors, to control the schools, to visit and approve the exhibitions, and in various ways to stimulate and guide artistic taste. He has to judge the work of men like Rauch, Cornelius, Wolf. Again, he has to do with every branch of science: with astronomy, geography, and chemistry, as well as grammar, floriculture, and antiquities; and to inspect the many learned societies in which these sciences are studied, illustrated, taught. Music also, as a branch of art, falls under his control, and Herr von Mühler has to treat with fiddlers and flutists in the orchestra, no less than with the unpaid tutors in a village school. He has to deal with law in all its forms: ancient law, modern law, canon law, civil law, law in the class-room, in the lecture-theatre, in the court of justice. His sphere is Nature on her intellectual side; and in his province lie all "things of the mind," from abstract idealistic ideas down to collections of sticks and stones. He appoints the teachers, he controls the subjects taught. He names such men as Kiss, as Joachim, as Pauli, and as Rosenkranz, to a professor's chair. The Ministry held in Germany by Herr von Mühler is a Ministry of the Human Mind.—*Hepworth Dixon, in School Board Chronicle.*

CONDUCTORS.

"Every revolution," says Ralph Waldo Emerson, "was once a thought in some man's mind." The remark is not less true than suggestive, and he who first conceived the notion of putting an individual with a stick before an orchestra was the parent of as great a revolution as ever happened in musical history. *Cela va sans dire*; and we shall not stop to argue the point. Let it be noted, however, that all the significance of this change scarcely meets with due recognition even now. There are people still to be found who, influenced by traditions connected with the magnificent Jullien, his chair, music-stand, and shirt-front, look upon the conductor as a kind of animated ornament—a central figure placed exactly in the line of sight to describe graceful curves as a relief from the erratic movements of his merry men. Others, again, have a confused notion of his use, but incline to the belief that he acts as a sort of emotional index, and says by expressive gesture:—"Now you must feel jolly; now you must languish; and now fall asleep to wake with a start, and a bang from the big drum." But that which induces us to be most assured of prevailing errors as to a conductor's mission is the extraordinary confidence with which all sorts of people take his staff of office in hand. Notoriously there are many kinds of work which everybody thinks himself competent to undertake. We never yet met with a man unqualified, in his own estimation, to keep a school, to write a newspaper article, or to say exactly how an organist should discharge the functions of his office. The capacity for doing these things, or rather the idea that such capacity exists, seems a common inheritance of civilized humanity, and like it, in some degree, is the notion of conductorial power among musicians. Does anybody who can get a baton within his grasp shrink from wielding it to his own eminent satisfaction? If so, let us hear of that man, for indeed he is a *rara avis in terris*. One result of the prevalent notion we have described is the creation of all sorts of conductors, good, bad, and indifferent, who make up a genus by themselves, and deserve to be studied with a view to a classification of their species. Such a task, however, cannot be undertaken within the limits of this article; and all we can do is to offer a rough sketch by way of suggestion. Let us then arrange our conductors under the following heads:—The Martinet, the Picturesque, the "Blood and Iron," the Spasmodic, and the Feeble. There are others less comprehensive, and even these may be sub-divided, but leaving the minutiae of classification to the reader, we will briefly notice the grand divisions named.

The Martinet.—Ordained by nature for a drill-sergeant, he takes the cardinal ideas of the barrack-yard into the orchestra. He wears by uniformity and implicit obedience. Everybody must occupy a well-defined and strictly limited place: prepared to sink personality into part and parcel of a complicated machine. He studies appearances vastly; likes to see his chorus get up and sit down as by word of com-

mand; and is charmed when the violin bows rise and fall together. His beat is short and peremptory, with a slight suggestion of the cavalry sword exercise about it; and he abominates raggedness in performance, as a certain personage is reputed to dislike consecrated water. He would have his forces march and halt like her Majesty's Guards; and woe to the careless who get out of step, or the laggard who fall behind. Of late the Martinet has cropped up in a new form; and discovered a fresh field for his exertions. Owing to the enormous expansion of choral resources, he has at command a means of effect dear to his heart, and may be seen at the Crystal Palace—what time the 5,000 children, or the 3,500 adults spread their serried ranks over the Handel orchestra—in all the glory of a musical field-marshall. Then he gratifies a wondering crowd with upliftings and subsidings to his heart's content; and has even been known to distribute pieces of coloured paper among his regiments with a view to ultimate chromatic effects of a very startling kind. These manifestations are childish, of course, but the Martinet is useful in his way. He is the sworn foe of the worst enemy of orchestra efficiency—slovenliness; and, though he sometimes pays more need to the outward and visible than to the inward and spiritual, he is of manifest use.

The Picturesque.—This class of conductor labours under a disadvantage because always liable to comparisons which, in his view, must be inexpressibly "odious." The really picturesque wielder of the baton—Mons. Jullien—was a genius who brought his art to the utmost perfection, and those who come after him do so at a necessarily respectful distance. One might well fancy that all attempts at picturesque conducting would be deferred till the inimitable Gaul had faded from public memory; but just as there are people who aspire to the place held by the late Beau Brummell, and the still later Count D'Orsay, so there are conductors who would sit in the gilded chair of Jullien. That they are not big enough for the place need hardly be said, though, in the matter of expansive shirt-cuff, graceful gesticulation, and such indications of artistic rapture as occur to ordinary minds, considerable effect is now and then attained. So far, let us be thankful that Jullien has no real successors. Art is scarcely honoured by association with the triumphs of the laundress, the hairdresser, and the posturist.

The "Blood and Iron."—This conductor is a formidable subject for description, and we approach him with mingled timidity and respect. He is a stern man, who, if not expecting to "reap where he has not sowed," certainly demands a very full crop for his pains. Into his chair of office he never takes sympathy for human weakness. Then the hard lines of his face grow harder, his whole aspect is one of unbending severity, and he drives the chariot of art remorselessly over whatever poor body comes in his way. To see him at his best, we must see him at rehearsal. At such a time he has but one idea—to get the completeness that satisfies him. Compared with this what is the convenience of his subordinates, or their sufferings either? "Oh! you fiddlers," he seems to say, "who fiddle with weary fingers, and you trumpeters who trumpet with fast-going lips know that the end we seek is above and beyond you. We must attain it, no matter what the cost. Letter A, gentlemen, please. Now." And on goes the chariot of art once more. Yet the "Blood and Iron" conductor is not hard as a man. His followers often love him, and would abandon anybody else to go where he leads. The truth is he wages war against inefficiency. See him when all runs smoothly, and note how suavely the baton moves from side to side; how the figure of the man becomes unstrung as it were, while his usual impenetrable face suggests a placid, half-sleepy content. But let nobody presume upon this state of things. At such a time the "Blood of Iron" is as dangerous as Count Bismarck when most cynically cordial. We confess to a great admiration for the "Blood and Iron," and wish the class larger for the sake of art. No great end can be gained save by sacrifice, and too few have the will to extort concession. "It will cost me 10,000 men," said Napoleon at Eylau or somewhere else, "but the gain will be worth it. Forward, Marshal." Music needs its Napoleons, and has them fortunately.

The Spasmodic.—We look upon this conductor as a victim to nerves, or, if the expression be better liked, as an example of the influence of mind over matter. He is pitifully sympathetic; and can no more help responding to the appeals of music than can those articles of furniture which now and then give forth sounds in consonance with the household piano. His gesticulations faithfully reflect the varying flow of the work he conducts, so that even a deaf man could more or less intelligently follow the course of a symphony by watching him. How he thrashes the air during an impassioned Allegro; how a Scherzo sets every fibre of his body in motion; and how he gently sways in the rhythm of an Adagio; fluctuating throughout each movement as the strain rises or falls in intensity. Poor man! he works very hard; and while watching him sink exhausted into his seat, wiping his perspiring brow, we wonder how long matter can resist the action of mind. Another form of the spasmodic conductor suffers from St. Vitus' dance,

and is like a piece of machinery animated by forces whose lines of direction are all divergent. He is an irritating subject, and we drop him thus speedily.

The Feeble.—This class is a large one, and examples may be found anywhere. There is no mistaking the Feeble Conductor when once in sight. His grasp of the baton is nerveless, though it may make a great show of strength; and his first bar's beat is generally of an undecided character, and accompanied by furtive glances toward the leader of the orchestra. He labours under an abiding dread of getting lost amid the intricacies of his score; and sometimes uses his forefinger and the first violin stave as a clue. Even, then, however, he is not always safe, and when fairly adrift he becomes a sight to see. A beat round and round puts out of anybody's power the assertion that he is mistaken as to when the bar begins, while he assumes a look of supernatural alertness, and glares viciously at the trombones (who generally have a twenty-bar rest just then) by way of proving that he is not to be trifled with. His orchestra know him, and are fond of small practical jokes, such as running away with the *tempo* and leaving him panting in the rear, or dragging behind and winking to each other as he complacently makes believe that is exactly the thing. We need not carry his description further seeing that, as before said, he is a very common object in the conductor's chair.

Here we stop, having done enough to start the reader in a new field of musical inquiry. We do not insist upon the classification above given, its purpose will be better served if a better can be discovered; and especially if the public eventually learn to discriminate between the Real and the Sham in a matter of vital importance to art.

To Henry Leslie, Esq.
(Concluded from our last.)

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FINALE, Act I., March and Chorus, &c.	-	4	0
CORO, Soprani, "O come è bello"	-	2	6
ARIA e RECIT., DELIA, "O Nadir compagno fido"	-	-	3 0
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QUARTETTE, "Nadir! lui stesso!"	-	-	4 0
DUO, DELIA e NADIR, "Sei di dunque"	-	3	0
DUO, NADIR e ALI BABA, "Nella prossima"	4	0	
MARCH e CORO, "Alla leggiadra"	-	2	6
FINALE, Act II., "Sarebbe mai vero?"	-	10	6
BALLATA, NADIR	-	-	3 0
TRIO, "Ratti voliam sull' orme"	-	-	2 6
TERZETTO, "Serena la fronte"	-	-	3 0
CORO, "Compagni a cavallo"	-	-	2 6
ARIA e RECIT., DELIA, "In questa grotta"	3	0	
ARIA, ALI BABA, "Oh prodigo!"	-	-	5 0
FINALE, Act III.	-	-	9 0
CORO, SOPRANI, "Gloria al Profeta"	-	3	0
QUINTETTO, "E troppo l' angoscia"	-	-	5 0
TERZETTO, con Coro, "Chi va là"	-	-	4 0
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